

FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 28, 1969

RAQUEL WELCH
*Can Today's Sex Symbol Find
Happiness As Myra Breckinridge?*

TIME






It's an Old Forester kind of season.



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Publishers, Los Angeles

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, November 27

Thanksgiving traditions in the television age extend far beyond mere turkey and trimmings. There are the Thanksgiving Day parades, which will be covered live by NBC and CBS from 9 a.m. to noon, and then there is football, football and more football.

N.F.L. GAME (CBS, noon to conclusion).^{*} Minnesota Vikings v. Detroit Lions.

A.F.L. GAME (NBC, 1:30 p.m. to conclusion). Denver Broncos v. Kansas City Chiefs.

N.C.A.A. GAME (ABC, 2:30-6 p.m.). Texas Tech v. University of Arkansas.

A.F.L. GAME (NBC, 4 p.m. to conclusion). San Diego Chargers v. Houston Oilers.

N.F.L. GAME (CBS, 6 p.m. to conclusion). San Francisco 49ers v. Dallas Cowboys.

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). The Yale Repertory Theater Company presents five of Grimm's fairy tales in "Theater America: Story Theater." Mildred Dunsen and Alvin Epstein star in "The Golden Goose," "The Blue Light" and others.

Friday, November 28

HOW LIFE BEGINS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Jules Power's outstanding documentary on the beginnings of human and animal life. Repeat.

FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Doris Day and David Niven in Jean Kerr's *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (1960).

Saturday, November 29

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 1-4:15 p.m.). Army v. Navy from Philadelphia.

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 4:15-7 p.m.). Penn State v. North Carolina State from Raleigh.

Sunday, November 30

A.F.L. DOUBLEHEADER (NBC, 1:30 p.m. to conclusion). Oakland Raiders v. New York Jets, followed by Miami Dolphins v. Boston Patriots.

LASSIE (CBS, 7-7:30 p.m.). With help from their canine friend, six blind children learn to use the Braille Nature Trail in the San Bernardino National Forest.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). The talented duo present an hour of their generation's music.

PEGGY FLEMING AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WITH THE ICE FOLLIES (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).

THE ADVOCATES (NET, 10-11 p.m.). Senator George Murphy presides over a debate on "Should criminal penalties for the use of marijuana be abolished?"

Monday, December 1

OLYMPIC BOY (NET, 7-8 p.m.). The 1968 Olympics as seen through the eyes of a Mexican boy who finds that the games are a way for him to earn money.

CBS PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Jack Albertson and Robert Foxworth star in George Bellak's comedy-drama "Sadbird," about a hip young man in "the square world."

Tuesday, December 2

I DREAM OF JEANNIE (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). At long last, a questionable relationship has been legalized, and Jeannie (Barbara

^{*} All times E.S.T.



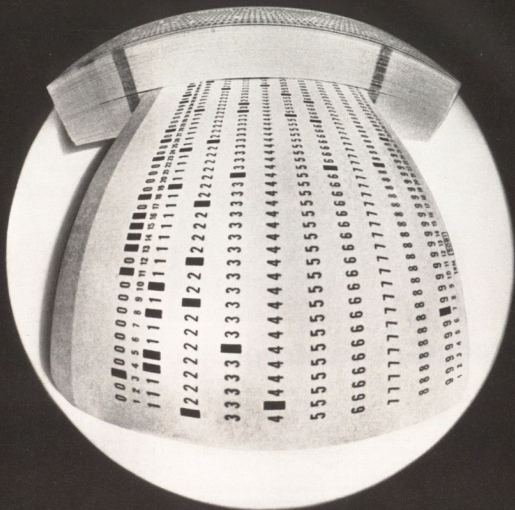
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Eden) marries her astronaut, played by Larry Hagman.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Siberia: The Endless Horizon" is a study of the land that occupies more than one-tenth of the earth's solid surface.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10:30 p.m.) The American premiere of Czech Composer Leoš Janáček's opera based on the Dostoevsky novel *From the House of the Dead* features John Rardon, Robert Rounseville, David Lloyd and Frederick Jagel.

THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SHOW (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). This special serves as a preview for the Humperdinck series that will start on Jan. 21. Guests include Tom Jones, Barbara Eden, Dionne Warwick and José Feliciano.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE. William Saroyan's play was first performed 30 years ago and is now revived with care, affection and excellence by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. To the audience of today, the colorful characters in Nick's Saloon seem like a commune of dropouts, and Saroyan may qualify as the first articulate hippie.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE. No one expects a new comic writer to be another Neil Simon or Jean Kerr. But one does expect him to be funny and to be himself. Leonard Gershe is only sporadically funny and never uniquely himself. But Eileen Heckart, playing the mother of a blind young man who seeks independence by moving into his own apartment, delivers her lines almost as if Gershe had delivered the goods.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE. Jack Gilford plays Erwin, a composer of verses for greeting cards, and Sam Levene plays Patsy, the horse player, in this revival of the 1935 comedy. The cast is superb, and while the plot may contain no surprises, the entire production is polished to a high gloss.

THE FRONT PAGE. Robert Ryan and Bert Convy, backed by an adroit cast, star in a revival of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur saga of newspapering in the Chicago of the 1920s. When the time comes to put the paper to bed and bring down the final curtain on this breezy merriment, the audience may well feel sorry that it has to go home.

Off Broadway

A SCENT OF FLOWERS takes a girl on a semipitopic, semiprosaic long day's journey into the night of her suicide. Looking uncannily like her aunt Katharine Hepburn, Katharine Houghton gives a tender, well-wrought performance that has beauty, feeling and intensity.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, by Canadian Playwright John Herbert, was, when originally presented in 1967, a scorching indictment of the prison system, with its brutal guards and tyrannizing homosexual inmates. As restaged by Sal Mineo, complete with the added attractions of blood, gore, a nude rape scene and an almost totally inept cast, it turns out to be nothing more than a carefully placed kick in the groin.

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK. Irish Playwright Thomas Murphy has written a drama full of the raw, roiling energy of life. The story of the Carney clan, moving in on a brother

who has tried to flee their world of animal instinct, is full of the rude poetry of the commonplace. The performances are labors of love and skill, and Arvin Brown's direction is flawless.

CINEMA

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA. Anthony Quinn reaches comic-opera stature as the roistering, boozy Bombolini, who becomes the town's hero as he cons the invading Germans out of nearly 1,000,000 bottles of vermouth. Anna Magnani as Rosa, his strong-willed wife, proves every bit the match for Bombolini—not to mention the Nazis.

ADALEN '31. Director Bo Widerberg (*Elvira Madigan*) paints a poignant portrait of people caught in the flux of history and conveys the ineffable quality of a single decisive moment in a man's life.

AUICE'S RESTAURANT. Starting with Arlo Guthrie's hit song of a couple of years ago, Director Arthur Penn develops an amusing yet tragic view of today's youth.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. With *tour de force* performances by Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, an improbable love story movingly comes to life.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Though he bogs down in endless bangles, Co-author, Director and Star Woody Allen nonetheless manages to come through with a funny crime flick.

EASY RIDER is a major movie that follows two youths on their search for where it's at. Director-Actor Dennis Hopper has created a classic by letting townspeople "rap" at will and drawing a top performance from Newcomer Jack Nicholson.

MEDIUM COOL. Using contemporary politics for a backdrop, and making the most of a cast of unknowns, Writer-Di-

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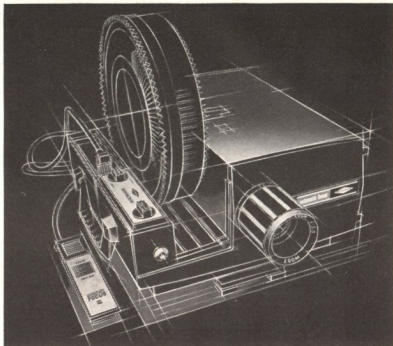
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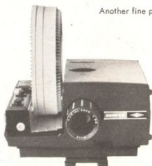
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rector Haskell Wexler explodes with a film that is dynamite.

THE BED SITTING ROOM. This relentlessly surrealistic attack on war makes Director Richard Lester's first film against the military (*How I Won the War*) look like child's play.

DOWNHILL RACER. Skiing has never before been filmed with quite the electricity that illumines this otherwise routine tale of an amateur athlete (Robert Redford) on the make.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS. Despite the talent and voice of Petula Clark, this adaptation of James Hilton's classic falls flat as a musical. But Peter O'Toole, as the beloved Mr. Chipping, gives one of the most subtle performances of his career.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE, by Loren Eiseley. A paean to the possibilities of man in an age of the machine by the anthropologist and author of *The Immense Journey* and *The Mind as Nature*.

FAKEL, by Clifford Irving. An exuberant account of the activities of one of the most successful and flamboyant art-forging rings in modern history.

COUNTING MY STEPS, by Jakov Lind. The author of *Soul of Wood* recalls his schizophrenic years in Nazi and postwar Europe, when his survival depended on how convincingly he could change his nationality, language and religion.

PRICKSONGS & DESCANTS, by Robert Coover. In a collection of clever, surreal—and sometimes repellent—short stories, the au-

thor of *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* plays a literary shell game with his readers.

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN, by John Fowles. A fascinating novel that uses the tricks and turns of Victorian fiction to pound home the thesis that freedom is the natural condition of man.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, by Stephen Becker. An excellent period morality tale about a Union Army officer who attempts to save the life of a teen-age Rebel who shot him during a Civil War skirmish.

PRESENT AT THE CREATION, by Dean Acheson. In these well-written memoirs, Harry Truman's Secretary of State recalls the formative years of the cold war with much wit, knowledge and insight.

BARNETT FRUMMER IS AN UNBLOOMED FLOWER, by Calvin Trillin. Soft implorings of mirthful satire that should trouble the social and political pretensions of those who would be with it.

POWER, by Adolf A. Berle. A former F.D.R. brain-truster and State Department official compellingly examines the sources and limitations of power and its relationship to ethics.

A SEA CHANGE, by J. R. Salamanca. Bitterness and tenderness are the alternating currents in this novel of the breakup of a marriage, by the author of *The Lost Country* and *Lilith*.

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Kept during the author's two years as Ambassador to India, this diary is rare for both its first-rate prose and succinct, irreverent opinion ("The more underdeveloped the country, the more overdeveloped the women").

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Antonia Fraser. A rich, billowing biography of a pretty queen who, by casting herself as a religious martyr, has upstaged her mortal enemy, Queen Elizabeth I, in the imagination of posterity.

THEM, by Joyce Carol Oates. One family's battle to escape the economic and spiritual depression of urban American life.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The Inheritors*, Robbins
3. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (2)
4. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (3)
5. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (4)
6. *In This House of Brede*, Godden (5)
7. *The Love Machine*, Susann (6)
8. *The Promise*, Potok (7)
9. *The Pretenders*, Davis (10)
10. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinnis (1)
2. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (2)
3. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (3)
4. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher (4)
5. *My Life and Prophecies*, Dixon and Noorbergen (5)
6. *The Making of the President 1968*, White
7. *The Human Zoo*, Morris (10)
8. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith (6)
9. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (9)
10. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (8)

SAAB is built to be driven even above the Arctic Circle. (A good part of Sweden, where SAAB is built, lies in the Arctic.)

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Don't worry about getting stuck some morning out in the cold. SAAB will fire up without fail at 30° below zero.

Its hood opens forward, so the snow on top will end up on the ground; not on your engine.

Its doors, too, are designed to counter the cold. They have extra-wide seams, so they will open as easily as your refrigerator.

And that, basically, is our SAAB story. It is one automobile really made for winter driving. So if you want a true snowmobile, get a SAAB.

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You can go to Austria, Belgium, Greece, Italy, Japan

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While an acorn is still on the tree, a weevil may bore a hole in it and deposit an egg, while moths lay eggs on the outside of the nut. When hatched, the moth larva chews through the shell into the nut embryo.



When collecting nuts, the gray squirrel discards as poor storage material those acorns containing larvae or fungi. Deer, mice, bears, and many birds that eat acorns aren't as fussy.

No acorn falls in the forest unused. In fact, some are used over and over.

Not one acorn in a hundred takes root as an oak. Most are eaten first, by a variety of animals. From the large to the microscopic. The nuts are prized as a forest food because they're rich in protein and carbohydrates, and soft and easy to chew.

The acorn that doesn't sprout, or doesn't make a meal or a home for a whole succession of animals, still helps to nourish the forest when it decays and enriches the soil.

Seeing the forest make maximum use of the acorn, gave St. Regis some ideas. Like doing more with over 8 million acres than growing trees, better and faster. Now we unlock minerals, provide recreation, even help develop communities.

We also plan beyond the use of our products to their disuse. So their remains, like the acorn's, can even serve a useful purpose. It's part of our commitment to maintain the beauty and usefulness of America's resources for generations to come.



An acorn missed by the large animals continues to be eaten by the small ones. Mature larvae bore exit holes after devouring the inside. Wasps bring in mold and fungi that break down the inner shell layers.

ST REGIS

Finally, when the weakened shell collapses, earthworms help incorporate the remaining fragments into the humus of the soil. Soil that may help grow that hundredth acorn into an oak.



Gradual breakdown soon riddles the fragile shell with more holes. Soil dwellers, like centipedes, move in. So do seed-eating ants looking only for a residence, not a meal.



LETTERS

That Household Word

Sir: Spiro Agnew is the voice of the silent majority, and, praise God, we are a thoughtful, frank and vibrant people, muted no more.

I feel a sense of self-discovery.

J. NICHOLAS KEIL

Los Angeles

Sir: Remember when Truman partisans used to interrupt his speeches with shouts of "Give 'em hell, Harry?"

Now I, as a member of the now not-so-silent majority, am shouting "Sock it to 'em, Spiro!"

WALKER CARLL

Shelbyville, Ind.

Sir: The Vice President's speech assailing one of the most distinguished American statesmen of our time was given free, prime-time national television coverage. Irony of ironies!

Mr. Agnew not only insulted Ambassador Harriman and the television news commentators but also, and with more subtle degradation, the intelligence of the American people. The Vice President's lack of confidence in the ability of his constituency to make discerning and reliable judgments is best matched by their lack of confidence in his ability to do the same.

NATALIE SOLFANELLI

Hyattsville, Md.

Sir: As I understand it, Spiro Agnew has decided that you can't expect objective news coverage from the dollar-minded mass media.

Isn't that just what those impudent snobs of the New Left have been trying to tell us all along?

DICK HEMENWAY

Northford, Conn.

Sir: I seem to have lost my copy of 1984. I hear that there is a man in Washington doing good imitations of Big Brother. Maybe he has it.

A. DROOKER

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: Belittle him as you will, he is the only American today who dares to articulate what most of us are thinking. I see nothing wrong with that—unless freedom of speech has become the exclusive property of television news commentators.

HAL GOULD

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Agnew is charged with the responsibility of defending and propagating American ideals in a world of violence and Communist conspiracy. I believe he is doing exactly that, using the only weapon at his command—words. That he uses them so effectively is to his everlasting credit.

ELMER R. SEABERG

Gulfport, Conn.

Sir: President Johnson's failure to reconcile candor with public statement came to be known as the credibility gap. Spiro Agnew has developed his own brand of unbelievable—the incredibility gap.

SHEILA COLOZZI

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: When you put Spiro Agnew down too hard you are doing so to an enormous segment of America.

What the Vice President is saying is

also being said over coffee and back fences by the people who pay taxes and perform the unglamorous and sometimes lowly services.

Cincinnati

Sir: You bigoted snots, pig-headed slobs and outraged snobs disgust us as much as our V.P. delights. Hope my man Agnew turns his big guns on you despicably biased hacks next.

(MRS.) MARY C. NELSON

Jamesville, Va.

Sir: Many of us could wish that we had a more polished Vice President, but I would rather have to endure a little crudity with integrity than any amount of polish without it.

HOWARD HAYES

Elizabethton, Tenn.

Sir: In the matter of the Vice President's alleged IQ of 135—we demand a recount.

ROBERT E. BURNS

Glendale, N.Y.

Sir: It takes guts to tell off the major networks, something that was long overdue—and we say to them, if the shoe fits, wear it.

O. R. SPERRY

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir: I feel as though I'm watching a remake of an old story line. Some of the players are different, and the dialogue is changed. But the plot is clear just the same: those villainous newsmen are kicking Richard Nixon around again.

I hope I'm wrong. I hate to see a grown man cry.

MRS. DARYL G. MITTON

San Diego

Sir: Time characterized the rise of a man from P.T.A. president to U.S. Vice President within a decade as a display of "small capacity for development." It is obvious that Mr. Agnew's charge of journalistic bias should not be limited to television.

(MRS.) PATRICIA GORTON

Milwaukee

Sir: Agnew is giving an appropriate and timely response to American intellectualism gone amok.

KENNETH L. OSTHUS

Riverdale, N.Y.

Sir: He is the thinking man's nightmare, a bizarre Pied Piper, eliciting and pandering to the dark side of man's nature, augmenting the madness of war hysteria and all the while leading us down the road to violence, ignorance and brutality.

MICHAEL STANFIELD

San Francisco

Sir: Household word, household pet. Sic 'em, Spiro.

DAVID M. REGAN, M.D.

Neenah, Wis.

Sir: He's telling it like it is to those who have been telling us to tell it like it is—and now they don't like it!

But I like it.

MARVIN E. WATTS

Hingham, Mass.

Sir: It is almost comical how you try so desperately to make the words of Middle America sound dirty. You state: "He speaks

with the authentic voice of Americans who are angry and frightened by what has happened to their culture, who view the 60s as a disastrous montage of pornography, crime, assaults on patriotism, flaming ghettos, marijuana and occupied colleges." Well, TIME, you better believe it. This man tells it like we all know it is. I only wish you could do the same.

JOAN MACDOUGALL

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir: Perhaps Nixon's outstanding achievement to date is having chosen Agnew as his running mate. Agnew's "absolute passion for oversimplification" is comforting, since respect for basic American values need not require deep intellectual prowess. If Mr. Agnew stays on the prod, his stature surely will continue to grow.

DALE W. ABBOTT

Houston

Sir: As for anti-intellectualism, the main practitioners today are those people who believe that the best way to effect political or other changes in society is by the massing of bodies in the streets or public buildings.

ROBERT M. CARLSON

Jeramestown, N.Y.

Sir: Please *expliquez* (in one-syllable English words, of course) to us crude, unlettered, simplistic, insensitive, baffled and somewhat defensive middle-class folk from the outback why it is chic to dissent, but merely gauche (or is it camp?) to dissent from dissenters.

We would also like to know 1) why being lo-er-class is more upper-class than being middle-class, 2) why the New York/Washington axis has a monopoly on right thinking (insofar as it can be distinguished from clean living), 3) why the vox of us benighted *populi* is more suspect in Spiro Agnew than it was in Lyndon Johnson, Dwight Eisenhower, Harry Truman or Andrew Jackson (each of whom, the way I hear it, was a pretty "common" type, sadly lacking in "politesse").

Also, would you ask Bill Buckley if it is rhetorically possible for all of us klutzes out here to "polarize" in mid-spectrum, or do we have to keep moving to the right?

DORIS H. WILLHITE

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Remember, there is only one small step from the silent majority to the silenced majority.

F. BOSCHAN

Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Sir: As a mother who lost her only son, only child, in Viet Nam, Sergeant Walter B. Stevens, U.S.M.C., I happen to agree with the peace movement. I resent very much being categorized as one of "an effete corps of impudent snobs" or an "arrogant punk."

MARY B. DE LA CROIX

San Diego

Sir: I nominate Spiro for membership in the silent majority.

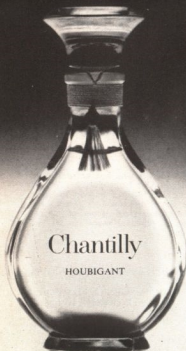
GEORGE MARSDEN

Associate Professor of History
Calvin College
Grand Rapids

Sir: Where is the "amusement and disdain" that TIME claims is being displayed by the targets of Vice President Agnew's broadsides? From where the general public, there, seem to be a lot of nervous Nellies all shook up.

All this furor raises a simple question:

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world.
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What is actually wrong with President Nixon speaking softly and carrying a loud Vice President?

RITA BOSCIA

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Sir: Blake Hampton's Nov. 14 cover of Spiro T. Household is just what we needed for repapering our L.B.J. dashboard.

WARREN PHILLIPS

Pleasantville, N.Y.

Whose Fault?

Sir: I spent 24 cramped hours riding on a bus to Washington, D.C., because I believed in peace [Nov. 21]. I stumbled for four miles on feet I couldn't feel in the cold after midnight. My hands were numb but I kept my candle burning, and I shouted the name of one dead soldier into the glare of the arc lights outside the White House. I cried, because no matter how loudly I shouted his name or how well I sheltered the candle flame, nothing could restore this soldier to life. In the silence at the Capitol, I returned the soldier to his coffin and blew out the candle. Men speeding by in cars shouted "Communists!" and the soldiers behind the windows of the munitions building laughed and mocked my peace sign.

We spoke for peace, but no one seemed to listen. Is it any wonder that some of us drop out of society, disillusioned with a democracy that exists only in name? Whose fault will it be when some of us turn to violence for the next Moratorium?

SUSAN WOLF

Clayton, Mo.

Sir: These so-called peace demonstrators who are shouting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!" should surely be given a chance to go to North Viet Nam. I favor chartering a ship and loading the darlings on, bag and baggage. I'll donate a dollar toward the charter, and I suspect that there would be millions who would be willing to do the same. There is nothing like making for their happiness, and ours too.

MRS. E. J. DALBEY

Portland, Ore.

Sir: It strikes me as ironic—perhaps even appropriate—that driving with headlights on during the day on Nov. 15 meant either that you supported Nixon's policy or that you were in a funeral procession.

JAMES R. SAKLAD

Boston

Shoo-Fly

Sir: In "What Makes a City Great?" [Nov. 14] you certainly went out of your way to romanticize the vile, the smelly, the noisy, the contaminated and ugly, an accomplishment at which our whole artsy culture is most successful, a culture that is, quite appropriately, centralized in New York City.

Skipping the romance and regarding it more objectively, a "Great City" is simply a great mess composed of a multitude of primitive forms of consciousness who are naturally attracted to gore, egoistic grandeur and gross excitement. It is no wonder that some people feel inclined to put down the hierarchy of this culture, commonly known as the intelligentsia, that sings and swarms around such pomp and pollution like flies around a cowpie.

CHARLES BOLTE

Aspen, Colo.

Sir: All the "great" cities mentioned symbolize selfishness and greed. Once their hey-

days pass, they produce nostalgia, but admirers shift their love elsewhere.

There is a better test for greatness. Does the city symbolize unselfish spiritual ideas? Does it do so regardless of the activity within? Do men shed tears when they enter it? After 4,000 years, are men still willing to die to hold on to it?

By this test there has been only one great city: Jerusalem.

JOSEPH A. REIF

Ramat-ban, Israel

Sir: New York's so-called greatness is an inadvertent, unforeseen happening of millions of people backing into an increasingly wasteful fight for sheer survival. Yes, New York is exciting, but it is far too hard on the nervous system of the human being to be considered for greatness. Its excitement eventually destroys the finer sensibilities of its inhabitants.

We may gain some perspective from Frank Lloyd Wright's statement: "To some of our people, exaggeration will always mean greatness—because they know no better grandeur."

VERNON D. SWABACK

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir: I swear by the fallen Nelson's pillar that the bloody cejit who wrote the Essay on great cities never had a pint in a Dublin pub.

SEAN D'ARCY

Cape Town, South Africa

Without Question or Thanks

Sir: After reading your article, "The New Feminists Revolt Against 'Sexism'" [Nov. 21], I have this to say to the WITCHES: What next? After taking and taking and taking, since the end of the Victorian era, the fruits of the labors of your enemy without question and often without thanks, you are now going to relieve him of the gift of his manhood? This is not, in my opinion, the action of a real woman or, for that matter, a real person. Everyone must stand up for their rights, but they don't make asses of themselves while doing it.

Besides, I think women would make perfectly lousy firemen.

(MRS.) ANNE B. O'NEILL

Owings Mills, Md.

Sir: I am a 22-year-old divorcee (no children), and am actively pursuing a career. The idea that women who graduated in the mid-1950s are the only women preferring families and homes is a gross misconception. I have no desire to free myself from men's "tyranny" in exchange for my individual "rights" as a woman. It is my personal belief that one's full potential as a woman is only realized through the respect or love of a man—and not in the company of frustrated women whose only problem is their inability to find that love or respect.

KIM PAYNE


Lawndale, Calif.

Sir: Why not leave "male" and "female" where they belong—as modifiers of the noun human being? Once we realize we don't have to be more of a woman for him to be more of a man, but more of a person so he can be more of a person, our problems will be solved. Also, pornography doesn't degrade woman—it degrades mankind.

SALOMEA L. SCHWEDA

Milwaukee

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

O, to be young and a correspondent in Hollywood.

"Showbiz scheduling cover on Raquel Welch . . ." read the query to Jonathan Larsen in our Los Angeles bureau. And indeed, says Larsen, "when I told people that I was going to interview Raquel Welch, everybody conjured up this image of her in a plunging minidress, batting her long eyelashes at me in seductive silence over a candlelit dinner." Alas, it wasn't like that at all, reports Jon. "Our first interview took place in broad daylight, with Raquel in a voluminous caftan, drinking Gatorade and complaining nonstop about the problems of being a modern sex goddess." Despite that somewhat disappointing start, Larsen spent the better part of two weeks with Raquel, observing her on the set of *Myra Breckinridge*, interviewing her in her dressing room and back home. He found her refreshingly pleasant and outgoing. So did Mark Goodman, who wrote this week's story and recently flew out to Los Angeles to gather his own impressions over three days with Raquel and her husband and friends. "I was impressed by



GOODMAN

her brightness," says Goodman. "She is terribly concerned with her image—with the idea that she is only a screen personality and is not a bona fide person in people's minds." As a matter of fact, notes Goodman, it was curious to see that Raquel, for all her visibility, goes almost unrecognized by passers-by on the street.

The Cover: epoxy resin sculpture by Frank Gallo. Though Gallo's slender, sexy swingers grace many museums and private collections around the world, this is his first for TIME and first of a real, live girl. The others have all been imaginary. The sculpture took three weeks to complete, and Gallo personally brought it from Champaign, Ill., to New York—it sat beside him in a first-class Ozark Air Lines seat. At first the package was too bulky to get the seat belt around, so Gallo was obliged to unwrap it. That caused quite a stir on the plane. "The hostesses came on the intercom," says Gallo, "and announced that they were pleased to have Myra Breckinridge on the flight with them today."

LARSEN

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Nov. 28, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 22

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Lunar Atavism

The impossible, if performed a second time, seems mere repetition. Thus millions of Americans were content to sleep through the Apollo 12's landing on the moon. They missed a diverting incident. The Apollo 12, with a price tag of roughly \$375 million, represents a refinement of hundreds of years of scientific experiment and theory, the most intricate hardware of a technological civilization. Yet when the television camera fritzed out on the lunar surface, Astronaut Alan Bean had a moment of atavism. Like any other 20th century man confronted by the perversity of non-functioning machines, he whacked it with his hammer.

The Silent and Unsilent

The "silent majority" is becoming one of the Administration's catch phrases. Richard Nixon appealed to it on Nov. 3 to stand by his war policies. Its opposite, of course, is the unsilent minority, which Spiro Agnew, who has been running reg-

ular Thursday-night beat-the-press shows, defines as "an arrogant few" dissenters. Such constant reference to that magic line of 51% of the people—whether friends above it or opponents below it—may end up looking like a form of insecurity. After the Senate rejected Judge Clement Haynsworth for the Supreme Court, the President observed, naturally enough, "I deeply regret this action." But then, as if bringing up reinforcements, he added: "I believe the majority of people in the nation regret it." A majority of the Senators, elected by a majority of their constituents, may have wondered whether they had suddenly joined the unsilent minority.

Nixon—who was elected President by a minority of the voters—is doubtless correct in saying that the majority supports him on the war, and it is an important fact. But to lean on that fact quite so heavily may not be the wisest form of leadership. The majority rules, and it should—but it is sometimes wrong and often fickle. What (it is intriguing to speculate) would the President do if his present majority should change its mind and turn against his policies? One thing, though: the President has not yet taken to carrying different opinion polls, Johnson-style, in all his pockets.

Hair

"It was cultural genocide," complained Yippie Leader Jerry Rubin, "an assault on the Yippie culture by the capitalist imperialist culture." Until last September, Rubin sported a magnificently wild mane that looked as if he had teased it with an Electrolux. But when he entered California's Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center to do 45 days on charges of being a public nuisance, the wardens sheared his hair down to a respectably Middle American two inches.

After Rubin emerged from jail looking like a plucked chicken, his Yippie colleague Abbie Hoffman sent out the word from Chicago, where both are defendants in the conspiracy trial: "Help Jerry make a wig." Before long, whole bags of hair tumbled in from across the country; at least a dozen bundles arrive daily now. With all of that, Rubin could doubtless fashion a fascinating brindle mop. Instead, he has bought himself a ghostly bouffant woman's wig to wear until his own hair returns to suitably radical length. Surely, going to the barricades in drag is going to give revolution a bad name.



HAYNSWORTH

HAYNSWORTH:

WELL before the 1 p.m. voting hour, the galleries of the capacious old marble-and-leather chamber were bulging as the Senate gathered last week to vote on the Supreme Court nomination of Clement Haynsworth. Vice President Spiro Agnew arrived a full ten minutes early; the vote was expected to be close, and he could break a tie. As the clock on the Senate wall reached 1 p.m., the chamber hushed, and the roll call began. The outcome hung on the votes of seven uncommitted Senators, and everyone who had any business being there knew who they were. Nevada's Alan Bible, a Democrat, was the first of the seven to be called. He said "No," and the audience gasped. Other nays followed, and then Quentin Burdick, Democrat of North Dakota, cast the 51st negative vote. "That's it!" someone yelled. Agnew slumped in his big leather chair. Haynsworth had been beaten, and by a surprisingly decisive 55-to-45 margin. It was a bitter defeat for Richard Nixon, who had chosen to lay the prestige of his presidency on the line for Haynsworth. His nominee was the first to be rejected by the Senate since 1930.

Low-keyed. Thirty-eight Democrats voted against Haynsworth, but the margin of defeat was provided by the President's own party. Seventeen G.O.P. Senators—including the top three leaders—defected. To do so, they had subjected themselves to some of the toughest manhandling to come from the White House in years. Nixon confined himself to low-keyed sales pitches, but Attorney General John Mitchell and White House Aides Bryce Harlow, Harry Dent and Clark Mollenhoff adopted hard-knuckle tactics. For weeks, the struggle was a bizarre mixture of moral controversy, party loyalty, political animosity and crude pressure, all played out in an atmosphere of recrimination and threatened retaliation (see box, page 16).

Local party leaders and contributors were enlisted to threaten to cut off Senators' support. Cabinet members warned of possible lost patronage. Bearing down



RUBIN WAVING WIG
To the barricades in drag.

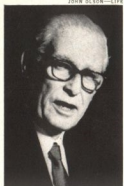
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AIKEN

WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION'S DEFEAT MEANS

on Republican William Saxbe of Ohio, a White House operative ordered Ohio loyalists to "look into his personal finances." The order was canceled, but not before Saxbe got wind of it. He was enraged. "I do not know who has stirred up the people of Ohio to threaten me to vote for Haynsworth or face retaliation," he said. Declaring his independence from all outside pressures, Saxbe added: "I will not jump through a hoop for industrial fat cats or labor leaders," and in the end he voted no. So did Oregon's Mark Hatfield, who angrily complained that conservatives had threatened to oppose him in the next primary.

Mitchell "leaked" the information that Minority Leader Hugh Scott promised to vote for Haynsworth if his vote made the difference; the "leak" was false, designed to force Scott into making it come true. Scott voted nay, Democrat Thomas Dodd was reportedly threatened with indictment over his alleged misuse of campaign funds; rumor had it that he was shown the indictment. But he too voted no. "During my more than seven years in the Senate," said conservative Idaho Republican Len Jordan, "few issues have generated more pressure on my office. Support of the President is urged as if it were a personal matter rather than an issue of grave constitutional importance." Another no.

Early in the showdown week, not all the pressure was having such counterproductive results. Republicans James Pearson of Kansas, Caleb Boggs of Delaware and Ralph Smith of Illinois decided to switch rather than continue fighting the White House, and thus declared for Haynsworth. Then, on Wednesday, the balance whipped the other way. Delaware's John Williams, a partisan Republican and friend of Mollenhoff's, had been counted in Nixon's camp. But Williams, who because of his long concern with Government ethics violations is called "the conscience of the Senate," came down hard against Haynsworth—on ethical grounds. The White House desperately corralled George Aiken of Vermont, also a man

of unquestioned probity but one who believes a President should get the man he nominates. Aiken came out for Haynsworth, partly offsetting the impact of Williams' vote on wavering Senators. Then, on the eve of the roll call with the announced votes at 44 apiece, the respected Kentucky Republican, John Sherman Cooper, marched into the Senate to announce his decision: against—on ethical grounds. Cooper's prestigious opinion helped to hold other Republicans for the opposition, and provided the *coup de grâce* to Haynsworth.

Leaders Aroused. The wounds left on the G.O.P. by the Haynsworth dymnbrook are not likely to heal swiftly. Conservatives in the Senate talk about retaliating against Minority Leader Hugh Scott. Scott's future effectiveness with Nixon has been thrown into doubt. In many states, grass-roots leaders have been roused up against their Senators; this seriously dims any chance the Republicans had of capturing a Senate majority next year. Senators, on the other hand, are furious with the Attorney General, who selected Haynsworth and advised Nixon to fight the nomination through. They blame Mitchell for forcing them to choose between party loyalty and their convictions or—in industrial states—their constituents.

Nixon's prestige has also received a setback, though it is difficult to gauge how severe or long-lasting it may be. If nothing else, the Haynsworth fiasco has raised some embarrassing questions about his leadership capacities. An Administration which prides itself on cool efficiency was trapped in an ugly battle over ethics when it failed to check well the background of its nominee. And a President who is known as a consummate politician miscalculated the strength of the moderate and liberal G.O.P. Senators as he singlemindedly pursued his "Southern strategy." Even so, in the South Nixon's image has probably gained new luster; despite the loss, Nixon will get credit for trying.

The Haynsworth defeat will not end Nixon's efforts to remake the Supreme Court along less activist lines. The President said that he would name a new nominee when Congress reconvenes in January, and promised another strict constructionist like Haynsworth. "The Supreme Court needs men of his legal philosophy to restore the proper balance," said Nixon. Scott, trying to heal the sectional split over Haynsworth, said he hoped that Nixon's next nominee would also be a Southerner. He would probably have a better chance; White House aides believe far fewer Repub-



HARLOW



DENT

One Republican's Ordeal

The Haynsworth fight was rough on all Senators, but it was particularly painful to those Republicans who had doubts about the judge's fitness for the high court. Typical of these troubled Senators was Maryland's Charles McC. Mathias Jr., 47, a former Congressman serving his first term in the Senate. He talked about the agony of his decision to vote against Haynsworth to TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil.

I went to the President's aides very early in the game, when the smoke began to rise, and conveyed my serious doubts about the nomination," says Mathias. "They asked me to keep an open mind to the end. So I did not put myself in the position of an irreversible commitment." But Mathias could not shake his doubts about Haynsworth. "There is a crying need for the Supreme Court to be lifted above controversy and suspicion. I also wondered what effect a condonation of Judge Haynsworth's actions would have on the judiciary at large. I could only conclude that it would lower standards at a time when the expectation is that they will be raised."

Mathias began to get pointed mail and telephone calls from his home state. "It's not so much what they say as the way they say how extreme their disappointment will be. You get the party functionaries who threaten party revolt. You get the man who does business with the Government—and it may well be that he was instigated by someone in the Administration to call." The implication is that the man's business might be taken away if Mathias voted negatively. "A Maryland applicant for a position in the Administration was told that there was no question about his qualifications and that the question was whether a Senator's vote could be delivered for Haynsworth—which the job seeker promptly came to me with."

The Administration handled Mathias tactfully. President Nixon talked to him about the nomination twice. "He never put any personal pressure on me," says Mathias, and he thinks he knows why he was handled so gingerly: because he would blow the whistle on any undue arm twisting. "I know what the Senate floor is for."

When he finally announced his opposition in the Senate, one Republican Senator snarled at him: "Wait until I get in front of that committee and start questioning some of those Maryland judges and ask how pure they've been." Four appointments to the federal bench in Maryland are, in fact, opening up.

Mathias brushed off hints that he might lose patronage power if he went against the party. He thinks that most Administration jobs now require technical competence, and that patronage is not as much of a lever as it once was.

He also feels that the Administration will need his vote in the future. "The President can do a lot of things for you and, I assume, some things to you. But on the other hand, the ability of a President and a member of Congress to get along is not limited to a single vote, no matter how cruel that vote may seem at the moment."

But Mathias is deeply concerned about the alienation of the progressive Republicans from the Administration. The Haynsworth defeat showed that the party must broaden its appeal, not narrow it, Mathias contends, and the Administration ought to work more closely with its own progressive Senators. "There is a whole group of us in this boat. We're in such a rock-bottom situation that if the Administration does not do business with us, every bill that



MATHIAS

comes along will be a Haynsworth. By God, we've been standing in the marketplace for nine months, and it's time we were doing business."

Mathias argues that the Administration is wrong in trying to form a Republican majority in the country by pursuing a Southern strategy. "Are you going to line up with the radical right—which is what the politics of polarization is all about—or are you going to pursue the politics of reconciliation and seek a pluralistic majority?"

Mathias felt that the Haynsworth nomination was an appeal to sectionalism and to the right. He also believed that it threatened the court's standards. So he cast his negative vote—but with sorrow. "It's been such a tough ordeal because you wanted to stick with the President. And then compassion for Haynsworth makes it very personal. So you have all the wrenching of loyalties and compassion pulling against your sense of truth, and you know that people have entrusted you with this kind of decision. So you just have to do the best you can with it."

icans would be willing to buck the President twice. "The President could nominate Lucky Luciano next time and it would go through," said one.

Controversial. The bitter Haynsworth fight has also further politicized a court that in recent years has become increasingly controversial. Although the original furor over Haynsworth arose on ethical grounds, there were many Senators whose objections were based more on ideological grounds; indeed, the Senate vote split primarily along liberal-conservative lines.

There was little reason to expect opposition when the 57-year-old judge was nominated for the high court in August. Haynsworth had served on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals for twelve years, and had done little to arouse adamant opposition. During confirmation hearings, however, liberal Senators raised conflict-of-interest charges. They showed that Haynsworth had failed to disqualify himself in two cases where he had financial interest: a 1963 case between a union and a firm that did business with a vending machine company partly owned by Haynsworth, and a 1967 case involving the Brunswick Corp., whose stock Haynsworth bought before releasing a favorable decision. The decision did not affect the stock's price, and the judge's purchase was inadvertent, but it left an appearance of impropriety. Haynsworth also contradicted his own testimony on the vending machine company affair. Haynsworth was opposed by labor and civil rights groups, who contended that his decisions had been contrary to their interests, but it was the ethical charges that caused the Senate to rebel. "That was the crink that got the ideological car started," said a chagrined Justice Department official.

Camellias. The courtly scion of four generations of South Carolina lawyers, who grows camellias for a hobby, Haynsworth had little stomach for the fight. He received the news of his rejection in his characteristically quiet manner, and with some relief: "The ordeal of the past two months has ended," he said afterward. Haynsworth said he was going to consider if he should resign his present judgeship.

Haynsworth, to some extent, was a victim of history. Had he been nominated a decade ago, there is little doubt that he would have been confirmed swiftly. But the court has become increasingly involved in all aspects of national life. This, and the revelations that led to the resignation of Abe Fortas from the Supreme Court, dictate closer scrutiny and higher standards for Justices than in the past. There were feelings in the Senate, never articulated openly, that Haynsworth was just not distinguished enough for the job. Said Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy, who voted no: "I do not question Judge Haynsworth's ability or his honesty. But they are not enough. The times demand something more."

THE MY LAI MASSACRE

It passed without notice when it occurred in mid-March 1968, at a time when the war news was still dominated by the siege of Khe Sanh. Yet the brief action at My Lai, a hamlet in Viet Cong-infested territory 335 miles northeast of Saigon, may yet have an impact on the war. According to accounts that suddenly appeared on TV and in the world press last week, a company of 60 or 70 U.S. infantrymen had entered My Lai early one morning and de-

stroyed its houses, its livestock and all the inhabitants that they could find in a brutal operation that took less than 20 minutes. When it was over, the Vietnamese dead totaled at least 100 men, women and children, and perhaps many more. Only 25 or so escaped, because they lay hidden under the fallen bodies of their relatives and neighbors.

So far, the tale of My Lai has only been told by a few Vietnamese survivors—all of them pro-V.C.—and half a

dozen American veterans of the incident. Yet military men privately concede that stories of what happened at My Lai are essentially correct. If so, the incident ranks as the most serious atrocity yet attributed to American troops in a war that is already well known for its particular savagery.

Rather Dark and Bloody. The My Lai incident might never have come to light. The only people who reported it at the time were the Viet Cong, who

PHOTOGRAPHS © R. L. HASENKE



SPRAWLED BODIES OF VICTIMS AT MY LAI



BODY OF SLAIN WOMAN



DEAD CHILD & ADULT



1ST LIEUT. CALLEY AT FORT BENNING
Casualties every day.

passed out leaflets publicizing the slaughter. To counter the V.C. accusation, regarded as standard propaganda, the U.S. Army launched a cursory field investigation, which "did not support" the charges. What put My Lai on the front pages after 20 months was the conscience of Richard Ridenhour, 23, a former SP4 who is now a student at Claremont Men's College in Claremont, Calif. A Viet Nam veteran, Ridenhour had known many of the men in the outfit involved at My Lai. It was C Company of the Americal Division's 11th Infantry Brigade. Ridenhour did not witness the incident himself, but he kept hearing about it from friends who were there. He was at first disbelieving, then deeply disturbed. Last March—a year after the slaughter—he sent the information he had pieced together in 30 letters, addressed them to the President, several Congressmen and other Washington officials.

Ridenhour's letter led to a new probe—and to formal charges. Last month, just two days before he was to be released from the Army, charges of murdering "approximately 100" civilians at My Lai were preferred against one of C Company's platoon leaders, 1st Lieutenant William Laws Calley Jr., a 26-year-old Miamian now stationed at Fort Benning, Ga. Last week Staff Sergeant David Mitchell, a 29-year-old career man from St. Francisville, La., became the second My Lai veteran to be charged (with assault with intent to commit murder). The Army has another 24 men (15 of whom are now civilians) under investigation. If the accounts of others who have spoken out publicly stand up, C Company, as Ridenhour wrote, is indeed involved in "something rather dark and bloody" at My Lai.

Before the massacre, My Lai was a

poor hamlet in Quang Ngai province, whose low, marshy coastal plains had been—and still are—a base for the Viet Cong 48th Battalion. My Lai was a "fortified" hamlet whose bricked-up houses served as bunkers for marauding V.C. cadres, and was known to the G.I.s in the area as "Pinkville."

C Company arrived in Viet Nam in February 1968, and was assigned to Task Force Barker, a three-company search-and-destroy unit located a few miles from the hamlet at a firebase on Viet Nam Highway No. 1. Almost from the moment it arrived, C Company suffered daily casualties. Most of the mayhem was caused by mines and booby traps, and they were particularly plentiful in and around My Lai. By mid-March, the company, had lost a third of its original strength of more than 100 men. One day, a 155 mm. shell rigged as a booby trap killed one and injured four or five others. As Sergeant Michael B. Terry, 22, recalled it last week, "that really bothered the guys." Evidently so. Some of the men in the unit later beat up an innocent woman whom they spotted in a field. The beating ended, said Terry, when "one kid just walked up to her and shot her."

The next morning, on orders whose origin is still unclear, C Company took on a special assignment. It was described last week by Sergeant Michael A. Bernhardt, another C Company veteran. At Fort Dix, N.J., he went before TV cameras accompanied by a base press officer. As Bernhardt told it, the company commander (Captain Ernest Medina, now stationed at Fort Benning) assembled his men and announced that the Task Force was to destroy My Lai and its inhabitants.

The Kid Just Couldn't. According to the survivors, who spoke to newsmen last week at their shabby refugee camp at nearby Son My, the operation was grimly efficient. The inhabitants, who had a long record of sheltering Viet Cong, scrambled for cover around 6 a.m. when an hour-long mortar and artillery barrage began. When it stopped, helicopters swooped in, disgorging C Company's three platoons. One platoon tore into the hamlet, while the other two threw a cordon around the place. "My family was eating breakfast, when the Americans came," said Do Chuc, a 48-year-old peasant who claims to have lost a son and a daughter in the shooting that followed. "Nothing was said to us," he said. "No explanation was given."

The first G.I.s to enter the hamlet were led by Lieutenant Calley, a slight, 5-ft. 3-in. dropout (with four Fs) from Palm Beach Junior College who enlisted in the Army in 1966 and was commissioned in 1967. Some of Calley's men raced from house to house, setting the wooden ones ablaze and dynamiting the brick structures. Others routed the inhabitants out of their bunkers and herded them into groups. Some of them tried to run, said Bernhardt, but "the rest

couldn't quite understand what was going on." Sergeant Terry saw a young C Company soldier train an M-60 on the first group of huddled villagers, "but the kid just couldn't do it. He threw the machine gun down." Another man picked it up.

As Ridenhour described it, one of his C Company friends was stunned by the fate of a small wounded boy who had been standing by the hamlet trail. "The boy was clutching his wounded arm with his other hand, while blood trickled between his fingers," Ridenhour wrote. "He just stood there with big eyes staring around like he didn't understand. Then the captain's RTO [radio operator] put a burst of 16 [M-16 rifle] fire into him."

Lunch Break. Few were spared. Stragglers were shot down as they fled from their burning huts. One soldier fired his M-79 grenade launcher into a clump of bodies in which some Vietnamese were still alive. One chilling incident was observed by Ronald L. Haeblerle, 28, the Army combat photographer who had been assigned to C Company. "He saw 'two small children, maybe four or five years old. A guy with an M-16 fired at the first boy, and the older boy fell over to protect the smaller one. Then they fired six more shots. It was done very businesslike.'"

Most of the shooting had died down by the time the men of the other two platoons filed into the hamlet. Sergeant Terry told newsmen that he and his squad were settling down for somechow when they noticed that some Vietnamese in a pile of bodies in a nearby ditch

* Some of his pictures of the massacre appeared in Cleveland's *Plain Dealer* last week, others not so far published appear here (see page 17) and will also be seen in a forthcoming issue of LIFE.



RIDENHOUR AT CLAREMONT
Conscience in the letters.

"were still breathing." Continued Terry: "They were pretty badly shot up. They weren't going to get any medical help, and so we shot them, shot maybe five of them." Then they broke for lunch.

Not all of C Company took part in the madness. At My Lai, Ridenhour reported, one soldier shot himself in the foot so that he would be Medevacked out of the area. A few others, himself included, says Bernhardt, refused to fire. That evening, he said, his company commander told him "not to do anything like write my Congressman."

Many questions about My Lai remain unanswered. Who had ordered the attack on the hamlet, which was apparently designated as a "free-fire" zone? What exactly were the orders? The answers may come out in a court-martial; Fort Benning Commander Major General Orwin Talbott is expected to announce a decision this week on whether Lieut. Calley is to be tried. Even so, time has already erased much of the evidence.

Outrage Agnew. There have been other American atrocities in Viet Nam. Ten Marines were prosecuted in 1967 after a nighttime rampage in Xuan Ngoc in which two women were raped and a family of five killed. Daniel Lang's *Casualties of War* describes the kidnapping-murder of a young girl by four G.I.s in 1966. Yet such incidents are only a small part of the mosaic of brutality for which both sides are responsible. Terror is a principal Viet Cong tactic. So far this year, by actual count, the Communists have killed 5,754 civilians, wounded 14,520 others and kidnapped 5,887. The allies have taken to such tactics too, though on a more limited scale. Under the so-called Phoenix program, the U.S. and South Viet Nam last year began a struggle to break the Viet Cong infrastructure of tax collectors and other officials. In its first year, according to the Pentagon, Phoenix "neutralized" more than 14,000 Communist civilians—meaning captured them, converted them to the allied side—or killed them as they tried to escape capture.

Some antiwar partisans in the U.S. seized on the event to support their theme. Senator George McGovern suggested that the massacre was the result of "the futility and uselessness of this war." But Americans and others have committed brutal acts in other wars as well, wars with a deeper outline and purpose. Some critics abroad glibly started making comparisons with Nazi atrocities. Such comparisons are obviously spurious, if only because Lidice and Babí Yar were caused by a deliberate national policy of terror, not by the aberrations of soldiers under stress. Still, it will not be easy for Americans to come to terms with Pinkville. It sears the generous and humane image, more often deserved than not, of the U.S. as a people. Whatever else may come to light about Pinkville in the weeks ahead, the tragedy shows that the American soldier carries no immunity against the cruelty and inhumanity of prolonged combat.

The Administration v. the Critics

THE pace of U.S. troop withdrawals? Negotiating tactics? Saigon's ability to fight? Has the basic American stake in Viet Nam changed? There are some of the questions of the war debate, issues on which thousands of lives depend and to which there are no simple answers. They are also problems that are in danger of being obscured as Richard Nixon's counterattack on the tactics and legitimacy of dissent overshadows

the Governor's mansion, so Agnew had kind words for the incumbent, Democrat Albert Brewer. In his speech the Vice President continued and broadened the previous week's attack on television news presentations to include print journalism (see *THE PRESS*). Agnew did not ignore his more familiar adversary, radical youth. In other statements, Agnew has blamed journalism for ballooning the militants' dimensions. In Montgomery, the Vice President even invoked the names of George Kennan, Irving Kristol and others of the Eastern intellectual fraternity—more usually targets of his contempt—because they had spoken out cogently against unreasoned campus rebellion. No effete snobs, they.

To Agnew, the wilder youngsters are a "breed of losers," to whom he juxtaposed "our heroes" returning from Viet Nam "without limbs or eyes, with scars they shall carry the rest of their lives." The burden of the message was clear: right-thinking Americans must choose between those who win the red badge of courage and those who wave the red flag of dishonor. Without question, the more extreme antiwar partisans have earned that kind of comparison. The real issue, however, is not the courage of those who fight the war but whether their courage is being expended wisely.

Main Indictment. In an article written for the current *LIFE*, Agnew lumps civil disobedience in racial disputes together with antiwar activity. He comes up with a general condemnation of "emotion-provoking tactics." The main indictment: "Protest is generally negative in content." Agnew has plenty of company on the Administration firing line. The U.S. Information Agency sent to 104 countries around the world a 15-minute film called *The Silent Majority*, the theme of which is that most of America supports Nixon on Viet Nam. On dissent, it advises foreign viewers that "the loudest sound is not the only one that should be listened to." Postmaster General Winton Blount returned from Viet Nam to declare that antiwar demonstrations encourage the Communists to fight on. Therefore, said Blount, protests have the effect of "killing American boys."

If the Administration's campaign against newsmen was mainly psychological, the counteroffensive against those who organized the antiwar marches in Washington Nov. 13 through 15 may take the form of criminal prosecutions. Last week Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst volunteered the news that "some members" of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam are being investigated for possible violation of the federal riot conspiracy law.

Though the two main Washington marches were entirely peaceful, and though the Washington police took a rel-



AGNEW



MITCHELL

ows the core questions. Opponents of his policies have managed to outshout—but not outnumber—those willing to give Nixon more time. Convinced that strong public support in the U.S. is essential if Hanoi's intransigence is to be shaken, the Administration seems to be concentrating on discrediting responsible critics and uncertain skeptics as well as irresponsible opponents.

Spearhead Spiro. Last week the Administration again attacked its tormentors, real and imagined. Once more Vice President Spiro Agnew served as eager spearhead, delivering another speech written by Nixon Aide Pat Buchanan. The broadside came on a mission to Alabama as part of Agnew's attempts to protect the Administration's Southern flank. The White House would like to prevent George Wallace from recap-

actively benign attitude toward the two violent incidents that did occur on successive nights, the Justice Department viewed the handful of extremists and fanatics with alarm. That the extremists looked for trouble and found it is not in dispute. Attorney General John Mitchell's three-page appraisal devoted one sentence to the pacific nature of the main events, the rest to the troubles near the South Vietnamese embassy and the Justice Department headquarters. He talked of "detailed plans formulated by violence-prone revolutionary groups" and concluded: "The blame for the violence must lie primarily with the New Mobilization Committee." As Mitchell's wife put it on a CBS interview last week: "My husband made the comment to me that looking out of the Justice Department [while the demonstration was in progress], it looked like a Russian revolution going on."

Rocky Kooks. Herb Klein, Nixon's communications director, and Police Chief Jerry Wilson, by contrast, praised the work of about 3,000 parade marshals deployed by the New Mob. Six parade marshals worked out of an office at police headquarters, and Wilson admonished his men to behave so that demonstrators "may look back on this day with pleasure." When violence did break out, Wilson took personal command on the scene. Later he said that there had been only 25 "real troublemakers" and perhaps another 150 willing to follow them. Five policemen and 97 demonstrators were injured, none seriously. There were 114 arrests, but 111 of them were for disorderly conduct. Property damage consisted mainly of broken windows. While none of the violations can be condoned, and while the rock-throwing kooks showed their typical disregard for the safety and rights of others, the violence was minor compared with what even a mediocre conspiracy could have provoked among a turnout of 250,000 or more.

For the present, the Administration seems to have gained points. It has stimulated loyalist demonstrations in the streets and awakened latent doubts about the wisdom and motives of those who criticize in print and on television. The peace movement appears to be out of breath and, given its internal divisions, uncertain about what to do next. The opposition's large street productions seem likely to decline. Congressional doves have distanced themselves somewhat from the mass protests. Even New York Senator Charles Goodell, one of the loudest doves, suggests that it may be time for the dissenters to return to more conventional political methods. If this helps the Administration's program of orderly and gradual withdrawal from Viet Nam, it will be all to the good. But it remains to be seen whether in the long run the Administration's counteroffensive will help Hanoi, as it is designed to, or can help to re-establish national unity in the U.S.

NEGOTIATIONS

Lodge Leaves Paris

"We are at rock bottom now in these talks, so it doesn't really make any difference who sits around that table," one frustrated American official commented in Paris. The view from Washington seems similar and that helps explain why President Nixon last week accepted—"with great regret and warmest thanks"—Henry Cabot Lodge's resignation as chief U.S. negotiator at the deadlocked Paris peace talks. Lodge's deputy, Manhattan Attorney Lawrence Walsh, also quit. Both resignations will be effective on Dec. 8.

Lodge's eagerness to return to Massachusetts had been well known for more than a month (TIME, Oct. 17). He gave "personal matters at home" as



LODGE

In no hurry for a replacement.

his reason for leaving. Except for a few months' leave, Lodge has seen little of his family, which includes two married sons and ten grandchildren, since he became President Kennedy's Ambassador to Viet Nam in 1963. "I am not a diplomat. I am a family man, and I miss my family," Lodge explained.

Lodge probably would have stayed on if he had seen any sign of movement in the talks. An exponent of the theory that the war will fade away rather than end with a formal settlement, he became convinced that the Communists have no desire to seek an agreement. They are not likely to do so, he thinks, unless the South Vietnamese forces prove their capacity to carry on the war indefinitely. They would require continued massive American support and that, Lodge believes, would be forthcoming—if at all—only with fewer draftees and more volunteers in a different U.S. Army. In sum, Lodge apparently feels, Hanoi more than ever

hopes to dominate the South and discredit the U.S., thus advancing the cause of both international Communism and its own nationalism.

Apparently stung by Lodge's sudden departure, North Viet Nam Delegate Xuan Thuy took sharp issue in Paris with Lodge's portrayal of the Communist negotiators as intransigent. He told the New York Times' Harrison Salisbury that he had repeatedly offered to meet privately with Lodge to discuss "general problems" affecting South Viet Nam. Lodge had refused, claimed Thuy, because the discussion would not be confined to mutual troop withdrawals. What else did Thuy want to talk about? Plans for a coalition government in the South—a topic Lodge obviously could not discuss unless there were a major change in Nixon's Viet Nam policy.

Presidential aides insisted that the resignations did not mean that the U.S. seeks to downgrade or break up the talks. But no successor to Lodge was named, and one White House source added that "I don't think we'll be in any hurry to replace him." That leaves a knowledgeable and able career diplomat, Philip Charles Habib, in charge of the delegation. He has been with the talks since they started in the Johnson Administration under Ambassador Averell Harriman and, says Lodge, "no one knows more about the issues than Phil—and no one can read between the lines the way he can." At the moment, there are not many lines to read. The failure to replace Lodge with a well-known figure would be a clear signal to Hanoi that Nixon's patience with the talks is running out.

CRIME

Mob's Labors Lost

Reporting on organized crime requires tenacity and a lot of patience. Months of work often prove completely unproductive, results rarely come rapidly. But last week an investigation into the mob's reappearance in Las Vegas had an unexpectedly immediate effect.

Las Vegas was a gold mine for the Mafia from 1963 to 1966. In those years, the gangsters, including then Cleveland Mob Boss Frank Milano, "skimmed" some \$12 million annually from the gaming rooms at many of the plastic palaces lining the Strip. The money was stolen from the casinos' profits with the aid of crooked owners and divided among leaders of the Cosa Nostra. In 1966, however, the FBI and state officials stepped in, and the skimming racket was dead. Several casinos were sold to new operators, including Billionaire Howard Hughes. The mob left town, but their departure was only temporary.

Late last summer, mobsters from Cleveland and Los Angeles set in motion an ingenious scheme to slip the hand of organized crime back into the casino tills. The plan was simple: or-

ganize the city's 7,000 plus gambling dealers into a mob-run union. Using the threat of a strike that could cripple the gambling hotels, the gangsters could persuade the owners to sign lucrative contracts for food, liquor and vending machines from firms owned by Cosa Nostra. An equally distasteful prospect for casino owners would be that the dealers could become free agents, responsible only to the mobsters. If they cheated the players, or skimmed small amounts for themselves, the dealers could rely on protection from the union with its power to call a walkout. Naturally, the mob would take a healthy cut from any of the dealers' larcenous sidelines.

Finley's Friend. Fronting for the takeover were two Cleveland Teamster organizers, Nick Nardi and Nick Francis. They operated under the aegis of Los Angeles Cosa Nostra Chief Nicolo Licata, now serving a jail sentence for contempt, and Frank Milano. Milano's son, Pete, worked behind the scenes to speed along the organizing effort. The two Nicks obtained 15 signatures from interested dealers and then applied for a charter to create Local 711 of the International Office and Professional Employees Union (O.P.E.U.).

According to the union's president, Howard Coughlin, O.P.E.U. had been interested in trying to organize the dealers in Las Vegas for several years. Last summer the union's chief counsel, Cleveland Attorney Joseph Finley, was approached by a "highly reputable" friend, Lawyer Robert Duvin. Duvin introduced Nardi and Francis as legitimate labor organizers who could unionize the dealers for O.P.E.U. if they could get a charter. Supported by Duvin's high recommendation, Nardi and Francis were quickly approved and received their charter from O.P.E.U. Although their initial organizing attempts were resisted by some casino operators, the scheme seemed likely to succeed.

No Calling Card. Learning of the curious arrangement that led to O.P.E.U.'s issuance of Local 711's charter, *TIME* Correspondent Sandy Smith began asking questions. During the course of the investigation, Duvin revealed himself as a lawyer for Pete Milano. Reporter Smith called Finley, and the attorney admitted that it was Duvin who had helped launch O.P.E.U.'s acceptance of Nardi and Francis' local. But he was "shocked beyond words" to learn of Duvin's connection with Pete Milano. Within minutes, Finley's Cleveland office was on the telephone to the union's headquarters in New York. Shortly thereafter, Arthur Lewandowsky, director of organization for O.P.E.U., let it be known that orders revoking 711's charter had been issued that day. Denied the cover of a respectable union calling card into Vegas, the mob was thwarted, at least for the moment. Undoubtedly, it will again try to gain power in Las Vegas. The lure of millions flowing across the tables on the Strip is irresistible to Cosa Nostra's appetite for easy money.

DEATH OF THE FOUNDER

TEN years ago this weekend, they gathered before a fireplace in Hyannisport to rough out plans for J.F.K.'s run for the presidency. They all were there, handsome as Irish thoroughbreds, their eyes bright as dimes—Jack, Bobby, Teddy, Eunice, Jean, Pat, Ethel, Jackie, Joe and Rose. Together, attended by their Irish mafia, the Kennedys burst upon the decade to become its dominating political myth.

The family was the realization of Joe Kennedy's dreams of glory. "The measure of a man's success in life," said the founding father, "is not the money he's made. It's the kind of family he's raised." Joe Kennedy amassed a fortune of some \$400 million (see

together to be called dynastic. The denouement of his dream was especially bitter for a man whose tough pride in name and faith in success amounted almost to hubris. For most of the decade of his sons' triumphs, he was paralyzed and speechless following a stroke the year after Jack's inauguration.

All of the other decades of his life, Joe Kennedy was a remarkably shrewd, hearty and charming man. He had the serenity of a man totally devoted to his family and the detachment of a lucidly ruthless financier. He moved with an Irish swagger among Presidents, movie stars and corporation bosses, but bequeathed to his sons some of his East Boston toughness. He frequently con-



JOE KENNEDY WITH JACK AT 1961 INAUGURATION
Beginning of the brief dream.

box, p. 23), but he was also an astonishing success as a progenitor. Yet the patriarch's glory was brief. One day last week was the sixth anniversary of John Kennedy's assassination. Another would have been Robert Kennedy's 44th birthday. And on a third, the family gathered to bury Joseph Patrick Kennedy, who died of heart failure at 81.

It is possible that Ted Kennedy, the one surviving son, will eventually emerge from the penumbra of Chappaquiddick to run for the presidency. If he does so, he will be alone in a way that neither his brothers nor his father could ever have anticipated. For now, with a tragic theatrical economy—assassins on cue, the paterfamilias dying like Priam after seeing his sons slaughtered, the calendar neatly pinching off the decade—the myth of the Kennedys is at least temporarily ended.

Few fathers have ever set out so deliberately to found a political dynasty—although the Kennedys were too close

ceded his taste for classical music lest it be thought effete. One night in the '30s he was listening to Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* on a phonograph when a pair of his cronies requested some "hiddi-ho." Scowled Kennedy: "You dumb bastards don't appreciate culture."

Behind the Lines. Joe Kennedy had the fortune to be born in a Boston where, the Yankee hegemony notwithstanding, political and financial power was beginning to be possible for an Irishman. His grandfather had fled the potato famine in 1848; his father, Patrick J. Kennedy, became a saloon owner and Massachusetts state senator. Pat Kennedy had the money and savvy to send Joe to Boston Latin School and then across the river to Harvard, deep behind the Brahmin lines. Emerging from Harvard in 1912, Kennedy told friends that he would be a millionaire at 35—and he just made the deadline.

In 1914, Kennedy realized another ambition. He married Rose Fitzgerald,

the lithe, convent-schooled daughter of Boston's ebullient Mayor John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald. Borrowing \$2,000 for a down payment, Kennedy bought a nine-room frame house in the Brookline section of Boston. The family needed the space. Joe Jr. arrived within a year; five of the nine Kennedy children were born within six years.

Kennedy's fortunes burgeoned almost as rapidly. He bought a chain of 31 small New England movie houses, and by 1928 his maneuverings in show business brought him control of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum chain. He went to Hollywood, spent 32 furious months investing in the movies, and came away about \$5 million richer.

Kennedy manipulated stocks and securities with a shrewdness close to genius. He sensed disaster approaching in 1929 and well extricated himself from the stock market before the crash. He made at least \$1,000,000 by selling short when the panic came. "Only a fool," he told a friend, "holds out for the top dollar." Foreseeing the end of Prohibition, he cornered the franchise for Gordon's gin and several Scotch whiskeys, imported thousands of cases "for medicinal purposes." When repeal came, Kennedy warehouses were bulging and ready for business.

Into Politics. With his financial base secure, Kennedy began to harbor political ambitions. He poured \$25,000 into Roosevelt's 1932 campaign, raised another \$100,000 from friends. F.D.R. rewarded him with public office—the chairmanship of the new Securities and Exchange Commission, appointment to the Maritime Commission, and the post of U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (at the time an especially intriguing position for an Irish Catholic Kennedy). Though he ever after cherished the title of "Ambassador," the post did not work out well. He became fast friends with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, endorsed appeasement and returned home stunned and embittered after Hitler marched into Poland.



TEDDY & ROSE LEAVE FUNERAL
Unexpectedly alone.

During the war years, the first blows of what Ted Kennedy called "some awful curse" began falling. Joe Jr., whom the ambassador was quite consciously raising to be President, died when his plane exploded over England in 1944. At the same time, Jack lay in a Boston naval hospital recuperating from injuries suffered as a result of the sinking of PT-109. A few weeks later, daughter Kathleen's husband, the Marquess of Hartington, died leading an infantry charge in Normandy. Kathleen was to be killed four years later in a plane crash in France. A continuing heartbreak for Rose and Joe was their oldest daughter Rosemary, who is retarded.

Joe Kennedy threw himself passionately into Jack's new political career. The founder spent some \$50,000 for the young naval veteran's first congressional campaign. In 1952, when Jack was thinking of running for Governor

of Massachusetts, Joe Kennedy persuaded him to try for Henry Cabot Lodge's Senate seat. "When you've beaten him," said Joe, "you've beaten the best. Why try for something less?" The Kennedy forces spent \$500,000, dislodged the Senator by 70,000 votes.

As Jack became a presidential possibility after the 1956 convention, Joe was careful to recede more and more into the background. The idea that father and son almost never agreed on political issues was encouraged. "Dad is a financial genius, all right," John Kennedy once said, "but in politics he is something else."

The patriarch was virtually invisible during the 1960 campaign. But on Jan. 20, 1961, he sat reviewing the inaugural parade with translucent pride beside his son, the 35th President of the U.S. Then the brief realization of his dream began.

White Mass. Last week the clan that has grown so practiced at funerals over the decade gathered at St. Francis Xavier Church in Hyannis. At Rose's request, the requiem was a white Mass—celebrated in white vestments to emphasize the Resurrection. Ted Kennedy delivered a brief eulogy to his father, reading from *The Fruitful Bough*, a privately printed book of essays about the ambassador. Boston's craggy Richard Cardinal Cushing, who has married, baptized and buried the Kennedys for 24 years, delivered a twelve-minute "personal tribute to the character and genius of a longtime friend."

Eighteen of the ambassador's 28 grandchildren were there. Six of the remarkably handsome brood served as honorary pallbearers. John Kennedy Jr., sometimes straining to remember the words, recited the 23rd Psalm, and eight Kennedy girls made up the offertory procession that bore the hosts, wine, ciborium and chalice to the altar. After the Mass, the clan drove to Brookline and buried the founder in a family plot marked by a large granite slab reading simply KENNEDY.



JACKIE, SON JOHN & STEVE SMITH JR. AT HYANNISPORT
Sometimes straining to remember the words.

Where the Kennedy Money Is

It was always Joe Kennedy's emphatic wish that money never be discussed, at the family dinner table or in public. "It's just not an important enough matter to talk over," he said. His assessment was much too modest. Money underlies the family's unique position in American life, although money does not fully explain it. The Kennedy wealth, like the family's political capital, is both large and arcane. TIME asked Richard J. Whalen, Kennedy's biographer (The Founding Father), to take a fresh look at the fortune on the founder's death. His report:

LONG before Joseph Kennedy's death, plans had been completed for the management of his family's holdings in future generations. Only a bare outline of these complex arrangements is likely to be made public through his will. The closely guarded secrets of the Kennedys' finances will remain in the hands of a small group of totally discreet professional managers operating from Suite 3021 in Manhattan's Pan Am Building. The fortune, used in the past with unrivaled success to achieve the power and prestige of the nation's highest offices, will henceforth be deployed according to a long-term strategy. The aim is to consolidate what the tragedy-scarred family possesses—and preserve a base for the rising generation of Kennedys.

The Kennedys are plausibly said to be unaware of exactly what they own and where it is: the income matters, not the capital. Informed estimates of the wealth cluster around \$400 million, putting the Kennedys well down on the list of the nation's richest dynasties. The fortune is unusual in several respects. It is one of the few modern American fortunes of such size not derived principally from oil. Well over \$100 million came from real estate speculation conducted by astute agents after Joe Kennedy had more or less retired from an active business role. Another substantial portion—perhaps \$100 million if the managers have followed the rule of thumb applied in allocating other large fortunes—is in tax-exempt securities. The only corporate entity to which the fortune is intimately tied is the family itself. There is no highly visible family business.

The Golden Touch

In his heyday in Wall Street and Hollywood, Kennedy was an aggressive, though never reckless in-and-out operator. By about 1949, however, he had decided against further risk-taking. Jack was looking beyond his safe seat in Congress, and so was his father. Joe Kennedy told his advisers to keep his money away from "troubled places"—he had moved out of the politically troublesome liquor business in 1946—and he turned down deals that he formerly would have snapped up.

When Joe Kennedy moved from accumulation to preservation of capital, the safest bet seemed to be Manhattan real estate. To his delight, his shrewd broker, John J. Reynolds, the real estate counselor of the archdiocese of New York, made him vastly richer at minimum risk. Gradually, over the past seven or eight years, Ken Industries and the Park Agency, Inc., have disposed of the family's holdings in Manhattan. The golden touch that Kennedy enjoyed in his dealings is illustrated by the largest single transaction in this slow, quiet process of liquidation. In 1943 Kennedy bought the property at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, on which Alexander's department store now stands, for \$1,900,000, with only \$100,000 in cash. In the fall of 1963, the property was sold for \$6,000,000 in cash.

The largest building block in the Kennedy fortune is Chicago's huge Merchandise Mart, the world's biggest commercial structure. Joe Kennedy acquired it in 1945 for just under \$13 million, and turned what seemed a gigantic white elephant into a stupendous profit maker. It is now valued at \$75 million.

Kennedy began investing in oil in the late 1940s, principally to gain the tax break supplied by the oil depletion allowance. Kennedy's original partner, Tulsa Petroleum En-

gineer Raymond F. Kravis, remains a co-investor and an adviser on operations. He describes the Kennedy investment as "a big small company," amounting to some \$10 million and producing an annual gross income of about \$1,000,000.

Precautions for the Children

As early as 1926, Joe Kennedy set up a trust fund for Rose and the children then born. Another was created in 1936, and still another in 1949. The latter trust fund is the vehicle through which Kennedy settled portions of his wealth on his 28 grandchildren. The three trust funds and the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation are the chief instruments of capital conservation. At the end of 1968, the foundation had assets of \$22.1 million, and it disbursed \$1.6 million, almost entirely for research in mental retardation.

When John F. Kennedy became President, it was disclosed that his personal holdings under the family trust funds were \$10 million. The \$500,000 gross gave him, after taxes, slightly over \$100,000 a year to spend. Like the Boston Yankees from whom he learned so much, Joe Kennedy, in creating the trusts for his children, took precautions, stipulating that control over the principal should pass at stated age intervals. Before his death, the President, on his 45th birthday, had received one-half of the principal held in trust for him, with the remaining half under the discretionary control of the trustees. The wills of the brothers made similar provisions for their heirs.

Yet the heirs may sometimes be hard pressed. At his death, Bob Kennedy left campaign debts and expenses of more than \$3,000,000, which his estate could not pay. Edward M. Kennedy has raised money to repay these debts, and other members of the family have made contributions. A close friend of Ethel's, recalling the "extravagance of the ebullient life" that she, Bob and the children enjoyed, hints that income and outgo run a neck-and-neck race in her household as in the ordinary American's.

The key man in the day-to-day management of the Kennedy fortune is Thomas J. Walsh, 45, an accountant and tax expert who has been employed by the family since the 1950s. In the hands of skillful men like Walsh, the heirs have no real cause for money worries. There will continue to be, in Joe Kennedy's terse public accounting, "enough." But enough for what? Surely enough to support generations of Kennedys in comfort. But when it comes to maintaining their political ascendancy and using money as effectively as the founder, the future is shadowed by doubt.

The Human Dimension

The singular strength of Joe Kennedy's wealth, as he applied it to satisfying his own and his children's ambitions, was its concentration and independence. He had no firm or board of directors to whom he owed an accounting. Awed associates watched as he closed business deals by writing checks totaling millions of dollars. Now the managers and trustees are bound to spend money cautiously. The interests of grandchildren must be protected. It will not be so easy to plow millions into a particular political cause.

One day not many years ago, an enormously successful businessman who had built a corporation from scratch reflected on the career of his friend Joe Kennedy: "Joe was a pure capitalist, not the Wall Street kind. The Wall Street establishment has a bias on the bull side. Joe didn't. He never took responsibility for building or running anything. But he had money sense. He knew what to use his money for—how to have fun with it. Joe bought all those houses. He made all those movies. He understood about buying himself positions in government—London, for example. And he knew how to use money to push his children along as fast as they could be pushed. Yes, he knew what money was for."

That human dimension is now gone. In the third generation, so critical in the history of great American fortunes, that absence may reduce the Kennedys to a family of nice rich people related to a former President.

THE MOON

BULL'S-EYE FOR THE INTREPID TRAVELERS

I think I can see my crater, Hey, there it is! There it is!

FOUR months after the historic flight of Apollo 11, much of the mystery and tension that accompanied man's first landing on the moon seemed to be missing. But as Apollo 12's lunar module *Intrepid* swooped down toward the lunar surface last week, Charles ("Pete") Conrad's words conveyed the real excitement and significance of the second moon-landing mission: the newfound precision that enables the U.S. to pick a destination on the moon's rugged surface and reach it as reliably as a taxicab finds a street address in Manhattan. Directly ahead of *Intrepid* lay the five craters that form the familiar pattern of "Snowman." Guided unerringly by the spacecraft computer, Astronauts Conrad and Alan Bean headed straight toward the target picked months earlier in Houston: Surveyor Crater, which forms Snowman's torso and is the spot where 2½ years ago the unmanned Surveyor 3 landed on the moon. Conrad could scarcely believe his eyes. "Son of a gun!" he said. "Right down the middle of the road."

Crater's Edge. Only 500 ft. above the surface, Navy Pilot Conrad took control of the LM for the final few seconds of the descent, while Bean read data from the instrument panel: "Forty-two ft., coming down at three [ft. per sec.]. Forty coming down at two. Looking good. Thirty-one, 30 ft., you've got plenty of gas, plenty of gas, Pete. Stay in there. Eighteen ft., coming down. He's got it made. Come on in there. Contact lights!" Although thick dust kicked up by the LM's rocket engine obscured his view during the last 30 to 40 ft. of the descent, Conrad coolly landed *Intrepid* a scant 20 ft. from the edge of

Surveyor Crater. "Conrad's Parking Lot"—the landing site chosen by Conrad—was on the opposite side of the crater, just 800 ft. away. The pinpoint landing on a target 230,000 miles away from the launch pad at Cape Kennedy boded well for the remainder of Apollo 12's mission. Even more important, it proved that U.S. space scientists had profited from the lessons of Apollo 11—which overshot its target by four miles—and could now confidently plan for manned exploration of the more rugged highland regions of the moon.

As the dust settled down, Conrad could not contain his exuberance. "Holy cow, it's beautiful out here!" he shouted. Looking out over the Ocean of Storms, both he and Bean—unlike the relatively taciturn Apollo 11 crew—gushed. They described an undulating plain pocked by craters and filled with large boulders that looked gleaming white in the early-morning sun. "Damn, I can't wait to get outside," said Conrad. "Those rocks have been waiting 4½ billion years for us to come and grab them."

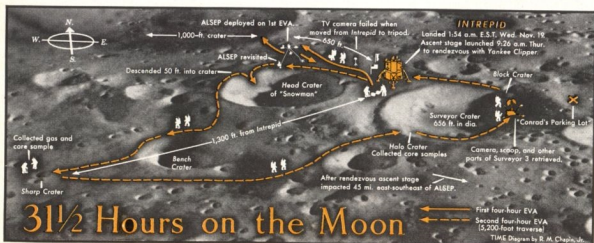
Despite Conrad's impatience, the astronauts went through 4½ hrs. of essential housekeeping before they could emerge. They checked out *Intrepid*'s vital systems, ate lunch and took star sightings, meanwhile bantering with Houston flight controllers. They talked so continuously, as a matter of fact, that Astronaut Richard Gordon, in lonely lunar orbit aboard the command module 69 miles above, broke into the conversation: "This is *Yankee Clipper*. Tell them to get to work." Finally, sounding like a vaudeville team changing costumes in a phone booth, Conrad and Bean began wriggling into their life-support packs: "I thought you were going to undo it. O.K. Stay still, right there."

"Now you want this under this one flap, don't you?" "Yep." *Snap, crackle, pop.* The conversation inside the cramped lunar module was also frequently punctuated by a sound that was to become familiar to millions of listeners on earth: Pete Conrad's infectious, high-pitched giggle.

Emerging at last and stepping off the last rung of the LM's ladder onto lunar soil, the irrepressible 5-ft. 6½-in. Conrad could not resist parodying the taller (5 ft. 11 in.) Neil Armstrong. "Whoopie, man, that may have been a small step for Neil," he cackled, "but that's a long one for me." Turning toward the crater, Conrad saw a welcome sight. "Boy," he called jubilantly, "you'll never believe it! Guess what I see on the side of the crater. The Surveyor!" There, on the floor of the crater, precisely where scientists had predicted, stood Surveyor 3, the unmanned spacecraft that soft-landed on the moon on April 19, 1967.

Topsy-Turvy View. As he prepared for Bean's exit from *Intrepid*, Conrad hummed to himself, whistled a tune through the gap between his front teeth (*Whistle While You Work*) and laughed repeatedly. "I could work out here all day," he said, as he collected a contingency sample of lunar rocks and passed them up to Bean. Conrad had only one gripe. The lunar surface was covered with black dust that clung to everything that touched it.

Unfortunately, earthbound television viewers were never able to see how dirty the astronauts got—or anything else that happened during the two lunar walks. For 44 minutes, *Intrepid*'s tiny (12 lb.) color TV camera worked, showing Conrad's descent and early activities and then, after Conrad turned the camera upside down, a topsy-turvy





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view of Bean leaving *Intrepid*. But when Bean removed the camera from its mounting inside *Intrepid's* equipment bay to set it up on a tripod, TV watchers saw a bobbing moon landscape, a brief view of the sun and, suddenly, a meaningless pattern that remained fixed. The camera had failed. As the first extraterrestrial TV repairman, Bean passed his gloved hand in front of the lens, fiddled with the aperture, lifted the camera and then shook it. In exasperation, he finally tapped it with a hammer. Nothing happened. Technicians in Houston speculated that Bean may have burned out the sensitive vidicon tube by accidentally pointing the camera directly into the glaring sun.

The TV failure disappointed millions



GORDON IN "YANKEE CLIPPER"
Down the middle with precision.

of viewers on earth, including President Nixon, who had risen early to watch the beginning of the lunar walk. But the astronauts had no more time to spare for the balky camera. Moving easily in the weak lunar gravity, they hurriedly erected an American flag ("Hope everyone down there is as proud as we are to put it up," said Conrad), and set up the aluminum-foil rig of their solar-wind experiment to trap particles that stream down on the moon from the sun. Then Bean lugged the barbell-shaped ALSEP (for Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package) 600 ft. northwest of *Intrepid*, where he and Conrad proceeded to set up the devices well out of range of the hot exhaust that would be produced by *Intrepid's* ascent engine during blast-off.

In addition to its five automatic experiments, man's first continuously functioning observatory on another world consists of a central station with a transmitter, receiver and data-processing equipment to send and receive information. Far more complex than the simple laser reflector and solar-powered seismometer left by the Apollo 11 astro-

nauts at Tranquility Base, the elaborate ALSEP array is powered by a 63-watt nuclear generator that should keep the observatory operating for at least a year. The generator is fueled by a core of radioactive plutonium 238, which decays and produces heat that is converted directly into electricity. At week's end ALSEP was operating efficiently, transmitting data that should give scientists invaluable information about the origin and composition of the moon. ALSEP's instruments:

SEISMOMETER. By recording lunar rumblings, the Ocean of Storms seismometer should reveal much about the still unknown internal structure of the moon. Scientists may also learn if there really are moonquakes. Their presence would suggest that the moon's interior, like the earth's, is still "hot"—geologically active.

SOLAR-WIND SPECTROMETER. Besides light, the sun gives off high-speed charged particles known as the solar wind. By measuring their energy, velocity and direction, the spectrometer could provide significant data on the sun's composition. Such observations are impractical on earth because the solar wind is deflected by the earth's magnetism.

MAGNETOMETER. Though the moon is thought to have only negligible magnetism of its own, magnetic fields may be created by its interaction with the solar wind. Moreover, such fields would vary as the moon rotates. By studying these fields, scientists should not only learn about the moon's electrical conductivity, but also discover whether the lunar interior contains significant amounts of magnetic material like iron.

LUNAR-ATMOSPHERE DETECTOR. It will measure the pressure of any lunar atmosphere by studying neutral, or uncharged, particles at the lunar surface. It could, for example, detect vapors given off by any subsurface water.

LUNAR-IONOSPHERE DETECTOR. By identifying positive ions—atoms with missing electrons—near the surface, scientists could detect traces of gaseous elements. Since any such "atmosphere" would probably be the result of outgassing, the detector would provide still more evidence about the interior.

What turned out to be one of Apollo 12's most valuable tools—the hammer—again came in handy before the deployment of ALSEP. While Bean offered encouragement ("Pound harder. Keep going, baby"), Conrad tapped on the plutonium core, which had become

Disaster at Tyuratam

BEFORE the downfall of Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviets boasted that the first American to land on the moon would find a Russian there to welcome him. As the third and fourth American astronauts walked on the lunar surface, no Russian had yet ventured more than a few hundred miles into space. The prospects for an imminent Soviet manned lunar mission dimmed even further last week when it was revealed that the Russian space program had recently been struck by a major disaster.

U.S. space scientists had long expected the launch of a new Russian super rocket, a vehicle with a thrust of 10 million pounds (compared with the Saturn 5's 7.5 million pounds) that would put the Russians firmly back into the space race. Spy-in-the-sky satellites had actually photographed the monster rocket on its launch pad, and former NASA Administrator James Webb had spoken of its existence. But last summer, according to U.S. intelligence sources, a prototype of the giant booster exploded on the launch pad at the Tyuratam space complex in Central Asia, killing a number of technicians.

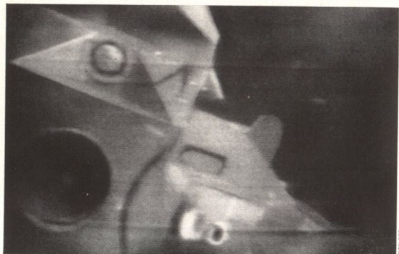
Soyuz Failure. The big booster was apparently designed for at least one of three alternative missions: 1) a direct landing on the moon by two cosmonauts, 2) the launch of an unmanned lander that would scoop up lunar material and return it to earth, or 3) the launch of major components of a manned orbiting platform. But the accident delayed further tests of the rocket. The lifting of three manned Soyuz shots last month, for example, apparently fell short of its goal. Two of the craft were equipped with docking collars, but failed to link up. Why? According to *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, a major component of the planned space station—its large central core—never got off the ground. Reason: no super rockets were available to launch it.

U.S. intelligence learned of the mishap through ELINT (for electronic intelligence). Deployed on the ground, aboard reconnaissance aircraft, or inside ferret-type electronic satellites, ELINT's sensors can easily detect large explosions, even at great distances, from the electromagnetic disturbances that they cause in the atmosphere. If added proof of the Soviet troubles is needed, the Russians themselves have indirectly provided it. The chief of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, Mstislav Keldysh, last month unexpectedly announced that the Russian effort to land men on the moon had been indefinitely delayed.

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AP/WIDE



AP/WIDE

"INTREPID" DOCKING WITH "YANKEE CLIPPER" AFTER LIFTING OFF FROM MOON
Awaiting the skipper's gig.

stuck in its protective cask. Finally loosened, the core was removed and inserted into the generator. Without the core, the generator would have been unable to provide electricity to power ALSEP's experiments and its radio gear.

By now, Conrad and Bean had already exceeded the 2 hr. 21 min. lunar walk taken by Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin. But they hardly noticed the passage of time. With the enthusiasm of Tenderfoot Boy Scouts, they

photographed and collected rocks, took a sample core of the lunar soil, poked into innumerable small craters and fascinated geologists with their descriptions of small, strange-looking mounds. "Don't take this the wrong way," Bean cautioned, "but they look like small volcanoes—only they're just about 4 ft. high." After four hours of exploring, during which they strayed about 800 ft. from *Intrepid*, the astronauts were ordered back to the lunar module for the

day. As he helped haul the rock samples aboard, a weary Conrad said: "Not going to have any trouble sleeping tonight."

Twelve hours later, the astronauts again suited up, left *Intrepid* and headed back to check the ALSEP experiments. As Conrad approached the ion detector, the instrument sensed his presence and reported it to earth. "Can the guy with the seismometer hear me running?" Conrad asked. Responded Houston: "Looks as though you're really thundering by it." Conrad also tested the seismometer by tossing a rock—he called it an "extra grapefruit-size goody"—into a small crater. The instrument promptly signaled to Houston that it had detected the lunar version of the rolling stones.

Earth Bugs. Later, as they bounded across the lunar landscape, Conrad asked Bean: "Ever see those giraffes in slow motion? That's exactly what I feel like." Fanning out 1,300 ft. from *Intrepid*, they visited half a dozen craters, sank more cores and tried to collect any gases that might be venting from beneath the lunar surface by holding a small can in a 6-in.-deep trench. All the while, Conrad filled the airwaves with ho-ho-hos, dum-de-dum-dums, cackles and other sounds of pure enjoyment. "We could work out here for eight or nine hours," said Bean. "The work is no strain at all," agreed Conrad. The astronauts tried to compensate geologists for the loss of TV views by conscientiously describing everything they saw: glazed rocks at the centers of craters, soil built up at the base of rocks, bedrock under the black dust, and a radial spray pattern around the 40-ft.-wide Sharp Crater.

Eventually, the astronauts reached the southern rim of the 656-ft.-wide Surveyor Crater. Descending slowly, they walked to the Surveyor spacecraft. Except for a thin coating of lunar dust and white paint that may have turned tan in the intense sunlight, it had apparently been unharmed by its long exposure on the lunar surface. While Dean photographed the spacecraft, Conrad picked up some valuable souvenirs. First, he clipped off some of Surveyor's insulated TV cable, which had contained a known quantity of microorganisms when it left the earth; by examining the cable after it is returned to Houston, biologists will learn if any terrestrial bugs survived and multiplied on the moon. Conrad also removed Surveyor's TV camera; a study of its "aging" could help in the design of future lunar equipment. Then he snipped off some glass and shiny tubing for evidence of micrometeorite bombardment. Finally, he removed Surveyor's mechanical scoop, which still contained the dirt that had been photographed by the spacecraft's TV camera 31 months ago.

Their mission accomplished, the astronauts headed back to the LM with their Surveyor parts and the new collection of rocks. Conrad fell during the walk—the first fall by a human on the moon—but was quickly helped to his



“We and our Winstons”

we got a
real good thing...
a real good
taste.



KING SIZE



SUPER KING SIZE

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feet by Bean. "It was no big deal," Conrad assured NASA scientists, who had feared that a fall might rip an astronaut's space suit or vital life-support pack. In all, Conrad had spent 8 hr. 44 min. outside the LM. Before following Bean on board, Conrad singsonged: "Dum-de-de-dum-de-dum. Have I forgotten anything?" He had. A roll of color film, containing shots taken during *Intrepid's* undocking and descent, had been left in a bag outside the lunar module. The discovery came too late; the astronauts had discarded their life-support packs and could not emerge again.

Final Mission. Blasting off after a 31-hr. 31-min. stay on the moon, *Intrepid's* ascent stage quickly gathered speed as it rose above the Ocean of Storms. "Wow, we're really smoking along," Conrad shouted. Within minutes, *Intrepid* was successfully inserted into a low lunar orbit with an apolune (high point) of about 50 miles. Three hours later, *Intrepid* was so close to *Yankee Clipper* that the command module's color TV camera caught a picture of Conrad's face, visible in an LM window. "Stand by to receive the skipper's gig," Conrad told Navy Man Gordon, who was now completing his 19th solo orbit

of the moon. While the *Yankee Clipper's* camera recorded the event with breathtaking clarity, Gordon slowly eased his ship against *Intrepid*. There was a slight jolt, and the spacecraft were again locked together.

Before they crawled back into the mother ship with their booty of moon film, Surveyor parts and an estimated 90 lbs. of lunar rocks and soil, Conrad and Bean programmed *Intrepid's* computers for its final mission: a plunge to the lunar surface. Instead of striking the moon at a point about five miles from Surveyor Crater, *Intrepid* crashed 45 miles away with a force equivalent to the explosion of one ton of TNT. As expected, the ALSEP seismometer recorded the shock about 5½ min. later.

But then came the greatest scientific surprise of the trip. The tremors continued far beyond expectations. "It is as though someone struck a bell in the belfry of a church and it kept reverberating for 30 minutes," explained Maurice W. Ewing, director of Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory. Later scientists said that reverberations had lasted as long as 55 minutes. "We've never seen anything like it on earth," said M.I.T. geophysicist Frank Press. "We're not sure

what it means, but probably it will represent a major discovery completely unanticipated about the moon." It could mean, for example, that the structure of the moon's interior is highly unstable and that *Intrepid's* impact set off a continuing series of collapses.

Voyage Home. Instead of heading home immediately, the three astronauts spent another day in lunar orbit. The delay gave them time to take photographs of prospective landing sites for future Apollo missions. At week's end, after being flung out of lunar orbit by its powerful engine, *Yankee Clipper* began its long three-day voyage home.

Before their scheduled splashdown in the South Pacific early this week, the astronauts were to send two more telecasts to earth. One of these would include the first press conference in space. Mission Control was to relay reporters' questions to the astronauts, who would respond before a worldwide TV audience. Yet even before that briefing, it was clear that the mission of Apollo 12 had given man new confidence about his role in space. It has also proved, as Wernher von Braun said, that man can live and work on the moon, and that it can indeed be quite hospitable to visitors from earth.

The Moon --- Through the Looking Glass

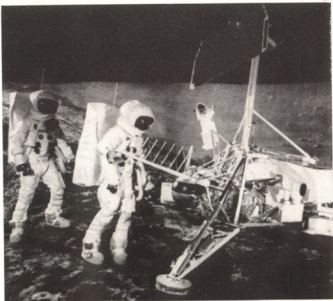
SURVEYOR 3 was sent to the moon 31 months ago and was not seen again until Astronaut Richard Gordon, in lunar orbit aboard *Yankee Clipper* last week, spotted it through his tracking sextant. Yet NASA months ago had planned the entire Apollo 12 mission around a successful landing near Surveyor. How could the space agency know the exact location of this tiny target in the vastness of the Ocean of Storms? The answer lies in a remarkable bit of space-age detective work.

Having tracked Surveyor's flight by radar, Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Lab determined that Surveyor had landed somewhere in a three-square-mile area in the southeastern corner of the Ocean of Storms. From the pictures that Surveyor had transmitted, they also knew that it was standing in a crater about 100 yds. wide. Unfortunately, there were about 1,000 craters of that size within the probable landing area. Which one held the mooncraft?

University of Arizona astronomer Ewen A. Whitaker set about to find out. Examining panoramic photographs taken by the spacecraft's TV camera from just 5 ft. off the ground, he saw a pair of large rocks inside Surveyor's crater. Looking

further, he noticed that the rocks and two small craters on the floor of the crater were aligned along an imaginary path pointing directly north. "That's all we had to go on, really," says Whitaker. "We had no way of telling the size of these landmarks or the distance between them."

Using a dime-store magnifying glass given to him by a friend, Whitaker began studying photographs of roughly the same area taken from above



APPROACHING SURVEYOR 3 AT SIMULATED MOON BASE

Surveyor. The glass proved a valuable gift. Within 20 hours after Surveyor's landing, Whitaker located a crater with the distinctive boulder and crater pattern. Surveyor, he confidently told NASA flight planners, was on the east side of that crater. With equal confidence—based on the navigation lessons learned from the flight of Apollo 11—NASA made plans for a precision landing that would place the lunar module within walking distance of Surveyor.

When the Apollo 12 astronauts landed and walked to the edge of the crater, Whitaker predicted last week, they would see the spacecraft. "If they don't," he said, "boy, I'm dead." At week's end, Whitaker was very much alive.

THE WORLD

SMILES AND SUSPICION AT SALT

AS the U.S. and Soviet Union opened their arms control talks in Helsinki last week, there was an unaccustomed outpouring of bonhomie. In a unique display of diplomatic cordiality, the Soviet and U.S. ambassadors in the Finnish capital issued joint invitations, printed in Russian and English, to a cocktail party for Finnish leaders and the two delegations to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). In the unlikely surroundings of Helsinki's Kaivohuone restaurant, which usually echoes to the beat of restrained rock and the coo of unescorted birds at the bar, U.S. Chief Delegate Gerard Smith and his Soviet counterpart, Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semyonov, clinked champagne glasses and exchanged pledges of good will while the other American and Russian delegates chatted with one another and munched smoked reindeer canapés.

Yet amid the smiles there were also secrecy and latent suspicion. To the dismay of the 220 foreign correspondents who had come to Helsinki for the opening of the most important disarmament talks in history, the U.S. delegation accepted a Soviet proposal that there should be a complete ban on news announcements and background briefings. As Semyonov explained to newsmen at the cocktail party: "This is a time to see and a time to hear, but it is also a time to be silent with the press."

Tails They Win. Though the neutral Finns are excellent hosts, the Americans were extremely unhappy about security arrangements. No more than 100 yds. from the U.S. consulate, where the 26-man American delegation has its temporary offices, there are three apartment buildings. U.S. security men suspect that KGB agents, who are known to be active in Helsinki, have set up electronic surveillance devices in them in order to eavesdrop on the American delegation.

On the American side there was also concern that the Soviets, who have made considerable strides recently in building up their nuclear arsenal, are pressing for a clear first-strike superiority over the U.S.

The speaking order at the talks was determined by the toss of a coin—an American quarter. The Soviets called tails and won the right to speak first. The U.S. became the home team and held the first session in its embassy; the second, two days later, took place in the Soviet embassy. The sessions were marked by an encouraging absence of polemics and posturing. Each side seemed earnest and genuinely eager to get down to the essentials of the difficult and long bargaining that was bound to precede an arms agreement. Unlike most international conferences

that meet amid splendor and pomp, the arms talks were held in modest, almost cramped surroundings. In order to accommodate a conference table, a glass partition had been ripped out between two offices in the U.S. embassy. Even so, the room was hardly large enough to hold the negotiators and translators.

First-Strike Theory. As kick-off speakers, the Russians did not make any startling proposals. Instead, they seemed eager for the U.S. to take its turn. The Soviets were probably taken aback by the candor and completeness of the

that the deployment of the U.S. power reflects its defensive, not aggressive, nature. For example, the U.S.'s 1,054 land-based ICBMs and 656 submarine-borne Polaris missiles are targeted on Soviet cities and military bases only as a retaliatory threat. The Americans argued that the U.S. is not seeking a first-strike capability that could knock out the Soviet nuclear force in a surprise attack.

By the same token, the American delegates explained that the Safeguard, the U.S. anti-ballistic missile system, is



SEMYONOV & SMITH TOASTING TALKS IN HELSINKI
Candor and completeness from one side at least.

American presentation. As TIME Correspondent John Steele reported from Helsinki, the whole thrust of U.S. tactics is to 1) convince the Soviets of the devastating strength of America's weaponry, and 2) persuade them that the U.S. seeks only a retaliatory second-strike capability that would be used in the event of an enemy attack.*

Between long pauses for the translation into Russian, Chief Delegate Smith revealed the details of the U.S.'s vast and widely dispersed nuclear striking force. At the same time he stressed

also defensive in nature in that it will be deployed only around missile sites, in order to defend them from a first-strike attack, and will not be placed around cities, where its presence could be construed as an attempt to ward off a retaliatory attack by the Soviets.

MIRV Threat. After having expounded U.S. strength and strategy, the Americans frankly talked about what bothers them in the present Soviet approach. The main thing is the Soviet development of huge MIRVs—multiple nuclear warheads that vastly increase the destructive ability of a single missile. While the U.S. leads in MIRV development, the American warheads are small, about one-third of a megaton. By contrast, the Soviets are developing enormous MIRVs; each packs an approximately eight-megaton wallop that could obliterate vast areas in a single explosion.

Reported Steele: "Their potential MIRV warheads are of far greater power than our own. We regard them as a

* According to the rule of thumb of missile strategists, one missile power takes advantage of another by attacking its silos instead of its population centers: this way, the other nation's retaliatory power is immediately demolished. The ability to do this is termed first-strike capability. A non-aggressor nation, on the other hand, merely wants to forestall attack. This it does by aiming its missiles at a potential aggressor's cities as a retaliatory threat; then it protects these retaliatory missiles with ABMs. This is described as a second-strike capability.

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first-strike weapon because they have the capability of blasting our Minuteman silos and destroying them. We are also alarmed by their ABM capacity, particularly their at least 67 "Galosh" ABM sites around Moscow. We are concerned, too, about the Tallinn SA-5 system, or line, along the Baltic coast, which, though initially an anti-aircraft system, has a marked ABM capability, and the SA-2 surface-to-air system, which we suspect has some anti-missile capability. The positioning of their ABMs around their cities indicates a drive for a first strike pre-emptive capability. That is what we are trying to explain to the Russians in Helsinki."

Soviet Doubts. So far, the Soviets have been explicit on only one point. As always, they resist the suggestion of on-site inspections by the other side to guarantee compliance with a disarmament agreement. The Soviets, in fact, regard U.S. insistence on inspection as a device to open Soviet nuclear facilities to foreign spies. As a counterargument, the Soviets insist that reconnaissance satellites are capable of keeping track of the other side's missile developments. While the satellites are able to photograph missile installations with great precision, they obviously cannot see through a missile cone to detect whether underneath it there is a single or hydroheaded MIRV warhead.

The Soviets also insisted that they need demonstrations of the U.S.'s peaceful intentions. Soviet delegates say they suspect that the American "military-industrial complex" may try to torpedo the talks. As Pravda put it last week: "There are forces in the U.S. which oppose nuclear disarmament. These forces, which consist mainly of the military and industrial monopolies, have a great influence on the U.S. Government."

According to present plans, the two sides will spend another week or so testing intentions in Helsinki before each team goes home for a thorough appraisal of the outlook for possible agreement. If it is bright enough—and other outside factors do not intrude—in January, probably in Vienna or Geneva.

DISARMAMENT

The Cost

The world's military spending—\$173.4 billion for 1968—now exceeds the total amount of all goods and services it produced in 1900. So reports the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute. The rate is accelerating. During the 1949-68 period, world military spending rose an average 5.9% a year, but for the past three years it has shot up by 8.9%. The U.S. outlay has jumped from an average annual rise of 7.7% to 12%. Last year the U.S. spent \$79.6 billion for military purposes, followed by the Soviet Union with \$39.8 billion. Together the two countries account for some 70% of the world's military spending.

JAPAN

Agreement on Okinawa

For a quarter of a century, Okinawa has stood as a reminder of Japan's defeat in World War II. Conquered by the U.S. in the last bloody battles of the war, it remained an American-occupied area even after Japan regained its sovereignty. Last week victor and vanquished moved to restore the island to its old owner. After two days of talks in Washington, President Nixon and Premier Eisaku Sato agreed to a timetable for the long-promised return to Japanese control of the Ryukyu chain, of which Okinawa is the largest island.

The agreement winds up the last unfinished business that dates back to the

clear weapons without the approval of the Japanese. The U.S. will remove its nuclear weapons from the island before Japan takes control. If the Viet Nam war is not ended by then, the U.S. reserved the option to ask Tokyo's permission to fly combat support missions from Okinawa, where most of the B-52s are now based.

In return for the handover of Okinawa, Sato made important concessions. He pledged to pick up a larger share of the Asian defense burden. To keep this pledge, he will double the country's military budget after 1972. He also agreed to increase Japan's economic aid to other Asian nations. On the trade front, he committed Japan to use multilateral Geneva talks to solve the problems created by Japan's rapidly expanding textile industry, which has been flooding the U.S. with its inexpensively produced synthetic fibers.

None of these conditions are likely to be very popular in Japan. Accustomed to reliance on the U.S. for protection, Japan now spends less than 1% of its gross national product on defense. Japanese are understandably reluctant to increase their country's military budget or to assume a larger and more expensive role in an Asian defense system. The country's industrialists naturally are not eager to cut back on their highly profitable textile exports to the U.S.

Election Reckoning. Even so, the Okinawa agreement should give Sato's Liberal Democratic Party an unprecedented opportunity to retain control of the Japanese Diet. U.S. control and use of Okinawa as a base for Viet Nam war operations have long been touchy issues for the antimilitary Japanese.

His party has staked its political future on reversion. Party leaders in Tokyo have already hailed the Washington communiqué as a show of mutual trust and friendship between the U.S. and Japan. Though the vocal minority of leftist students and workers opposes any American presence in Japan or Okinawa, a substantial majority of Japanese support the Premier's plan for continued cooperation with the U.S.

A master of political timing, Sato is expected to press his newly gained advantage by calling an extraordinary session of the Diet to hear his report on Okinawa next month and then to schedule parliamentary elections. If he does, Sato can reasonably hope that his party, which now holds 273 of the Diet's 486 seats, may even gain a few seats, perhaps at the expense of the rival Socialists.



SATO & NIXON
Show of mutual trust.

Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. In a speech to the National Press Club, Premier Sato, who speaks in fluent but accented English, hailed the Okinawa accord as bringing the postwar period to a close. He promised that Japan, as an equal partner of the U.S., "will make its contribution to the peace and prosperity of the Asian-Pacific region, and hence to the entire world." Sato could afford to be expansive. By having satisfactorily settled the Okinawa issue, he had greatly enhanced his own political standing at home.

Nuclear Ban. According to the agreement, the Ryukyu Islands will revert to Japan in 1972. The U.S., however, will retain the right to maintain military bases there. These bases will be subject to the terms of the U.S.-Japanese Mutual Cooperation and Security Treaty, which forbids the U.S. to deploy nu-

CHINA

War Scare

China is in the throes of massive war preparation. Under the banner "Preparation for war and natural disaster," Chairman Mao Tse-tung has ordered hundreds of thousands of city dwellers to be shipped off to the countryside as part of the *Shu-san* (literally, "to disperse") movement. For months, the Chinese have been dismantling and dispersing factories, digging bomb shelters and trenches and stockpiling food.

The Peking government recently imposed a 20% to 24% "war preparation" tax on peasants' crops, in addition to the 16% to 18% the state normally takes. In towns in Kwangtung and Fukien provinces, long lines of refugees have been seen clutching baskets and bags containing such items as mosquito netting, washbasins and cooking utensils. They are heading for resettlement in the countryside.

The timing of such feverish activity seems strange. After months of border skirmishes, the Chinese and Russians five weeks ago sat down to talks in Peking. Though the talks are believed to be stalemated, there have been no reports of renewed tension along the border. One explanation for the war preparations is that the Chinese, who seem genuinely afraid of Soviet military power, suspect that the Russians might seize on a breakdown in the talks as a pretext for launching a military strike against China. A war scare also serves Mao's domestic interests. Though 15 months ago he called an official halt to the disruptive Cultural Revolution that had brought the country to the verge of civil war, China remains wracked by internal dissension and severe economic troubles. Mao undoubtedly hopes that China's xenophobic feelings about the Russians will serve as a unifying force in the country. He is also using the war scare as justification for one of his favorite and most controversial policies: to toughen the "pampered lords and ladies" of the cities by sending them to rural areas, where they will be put to work on farms and in local factories.

PRISONERS

Unhappy Distinction

To call attention to the plight of 500,000 political prisoners in 60 countries, Amnesty International last week nominated its first "Prisoners of the Year." Those selected: Eleni Voulgari of Greece, who was sent to prison for ten years by the Greek junta for sheltering her Communist brother-in-law; Daniel Madzimbamuto of Rhodesia, an African nationalist leader who was imprisoned without trial four years ago; and Larisa Daniel of the Soviet Union, wife of imprisoned Russian author Yuli Daniel, who was sentenced herself in 1968 to four years of Siberian exile for demonstrating against the Soviet policy of "fraternal aid" to Czechoslovakia.



PAPADOPOULOS & MILITARY MEN IN SALONIKA

Comfort for the Colonels

IF the majority of nations in the Council of Europe have their way, they will next month take a drastic and unprecedented action. Because of the mistreatment of political prisoners and suppression of human rights in Greece, the democratically ruled countries of Europe will suspend the birthplace of democracy from any further participation in the 18-nation organization. Among the supporters of the action is Greece's exiled King Constantine, who this month visited both Denmark and England in an effort to encourage even stronger opposition to the military-backed regime of Premier George Papadopoulos.

Expulsion from the Council of Europe, which is a sort of powerless but prestigious mini-U.N., will further tarnish the prestige of the Greek regime. But it will not affect its firm hold on power in Greece. Most anti-regime Greeks and many other Europeans feel, probably naively, that a strong U.S. condemnation of the colonels would force them to either step down or liberalize their harshly autocratic rule.

Arms for Athens. Such hopes are likely to be disappointed soon. After a long period of deliberation, President Nixon has appointed a new Ambassador to Greece, Career Diplomat Henry J. Tasca, who is awaiting Senate confirmation. More important, the Administration has decided in principle to resume the full arms aid to Greece that was suspended in 1967 to show U.S. displeasure at the military takeover.

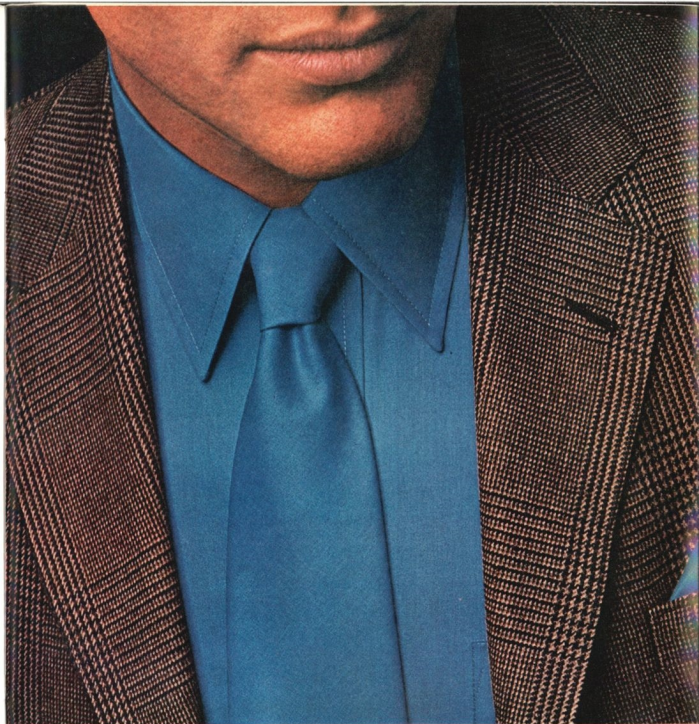
Because of the continuing Soviet naval buildup in the Mediterranean, the

U.S. feels that it has no choice but to foster good relations with the regime that controls an important base in the area. Even so, the action will come as a blow to those Greeks who feel that only the U.S. can deliver them from their oppressive situation. It will, of course, be a major boost for the colonels, who all along have sought to give the Greek public the impression that the U.S. approves of their regime.

In theory, the U.S. would like to see a restoration of democratic government in Greece, but it is afraid to push the Greek rulers too hard for fear that they might decide to seek arms or aid elsewhere. When Ambassador Tasca takes up his duties in Athens, he will try diplomatically to nudge Papadopoulos and his military colleagues toward more democratic rule.

Antipathy to Freedom. In the past, it has been difficult to nudge the colonels very far. Under prodding from the Johnson Administration, they drew up a fairly democratic constitution—but failed to put into effect the articles guaranteeing basic human rights. Under pressure from European governments, they have promised elections—but have not yet set a date. One of the most disturbing indications of the junta's antipathy to freedom has come in its dealings with the Greek press.

On Oct. 3, the regime proclaimed that the press was free. But what the colonels called freedom was severely modified by a list of such taboo subjects as criticism of the army or attacks on government economic policy. The editors



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GREEK CARTOON OF "PRESS" AND "TRUTH"

responded coyly. A cartoon in the Athens daily *Ta Nea* showed a wedding scene. The groom was identified as "press," the bride as "truth." "What do you mean, we're free, honey?" says the groom. "We still need permission from Papa." No Greeks missed the allusion to Papadopoulos. Nor did any fail to catch the message behind some of the papers' headlines. Under a heavy banner in the daily *Ethnos* proclaiming MORE DEMOCRACY appeared the small-print qualifier as to where it would be: "Brandt Promises."

No More Games. The colonels responded to these abuses of a "free" press with a cagey game of their own: stop the distribution. Publishers of Athens dailies soon began receiving reports that their papers could not be bought in provincial cities. Unopened bundles of newspapers were returned. The government managed to keep a straight face. "Readers are so disgusted by what these papers print that they have stopped buying them," explained Deputy Premier Stylianos Pattakos. His explanation runs counter to the fact that between Oct. 3 and the crackdown, daily circulation of the anti-regime papers had risen from 400,000 to 490,000 copies.

Last week the junta stopped playing games. It promulgated a new law designed to cleanse and discipline the press, which it said was responsible for "the decadence of Greek democracy." Headlines deemed misleading can now bring six months in jail and a \$3,300 fine; articles inciting to sedition are punishable by terms from five years to life. Among the other "crimes" are insults to the state religion, propagation of the views of outlawed parties, misinterpretation of parliamentary debates. The law also states that a journalist, once convicted, cannot have his sentence suspended.

With exquisite Orwellian logic, Deputy Premier Pattakos billed the law as yet another of the regime's steps to ward democracy. Said the bald-pated former colonel: "Severity is the mother of justice and leniency."

RUSSIA

Notes from the Underground

Soviet newspapers almost never mention the acts of protest against government policy that have become commonplace in Russia during the past few years. Scarcely ever do they speak of the arrests and other reprisals against dissenters that are now taking place with increasing frequency in the Soviet Union.

Despite the blanket of official silence, there is one publication in Russia that records the protests and persecution of the country's dissenters. It is a small, often tattered, clandestine newsletter called *Chronicle of Current Events*. Despite constant KGB (secret police) efforts to stamp it out, the *Chronicle*, which usually runs no more than 40 typescript pages, circulates among intellectuals in major Soviet cities with the speed of a brush fire.

The *Chronicle* appears through what Russians call *samizdat*, which means self-publishing: it is a play on the Soviet term *Gosizdat*, the state publishing house. Behind closed doors, readers type copies of the newsletter, which they pass on to friends in chain-letter fashion. Fresh news items for the paper are sent back to the anonymous editors by the same chain of communication. Though anyone who copies or circulates the *Chronicle* faces severe penalties, ten issues of the *Chronicle* have appeared since it was launched in 1968. The front page of a recent issue carries a quotation from the U.N. Bill of Human Rights and a list of the cases reported in the issue (see cut).

Dispassionate Tones. Along with foreign short-wave broadcasts, the *Chronicle* has become a main source of information for Soviet intellectuals. It broke the news of the arrest of three naval officers for having drafted an appeal for free speech (TIME, Oct. 31). It was the only publication in Russia to re-

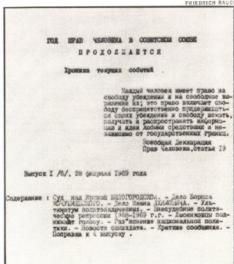
port on such historical documents as Alexander Solzhenitsyn's letters to the Writers Union about the banning of his works. The *Chronicle* regularly offers listings of the latest officially forbidden books by both Western and Russian authors circulating in *samizdat* editions in the Soviet Union.

Dispassionate in tone, it prints terse bulletins about the condition of political prisoners, like the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, together with their labor-camp addresses. Top KGB investigators, prosecutors and judges who are involved in important political cases are identified by name for the record. The avowed purpose of the *Chronicle* is to secure civil rights for Soviet citizens within the letter and spirit of the constitution. Summaries of recent items:

► Alexander Daniel, the 20-year-old son of Yuli, was denied admission to Tartu University in Estonia, although he had been accepted earlier and had graduated at the top of his high school class. Recently he was fired from a menial job in the computer center of the Moscow Engineering Institute. At a meeting called to discuss young Daniel's case, the rector of the institute, Nikolai Strelchuk, expressed particular dissatisfaction about the number of Jews, like Daniel, who had been hired at the institute.

► On July 11, Genrikh Altunian, a Soviet army major and a teacher at the Military Institute of Kharkov, was arrested after a house search had turned up copies of Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* and issues of the *Chronicle*. He was expelled from the Communist Party, cashiered from the army and jailed in a KGB isolation prison.

► A KGB investigator, Nikolai Danilov, left his work on the island of Sakhalin and took a job as a legal-aid consultant in a Leningrad law office. He was arrested and confined in a special insane asylum for political offenders, where he



FIRST PAGE OF "CHRONICLE"



YULI DANIEL IN PRISON

Recorded by samizdat.

is being "treated" with insulin shock. ▶ In Leningrad last December, three intellectuals were tried and sentenced to hard labor for "producing, harboring and circulating works of an anti-Soviet nature." These included Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* and Barry Goldwater's *Why Not Victory?* and *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

Ominous Forecast. In instances where Western specialists could check the veracity of the *Chronicle* reports, they have proved to be accurate. That only makes the newsletter's prediction about Stalin seem more significant. Issue No. 10, which has just begun to circulate in Russia, reports that the Soviet leaders are planning a major campaign to "rehabilitate" Stalin on the occasion of the 90th anniversary of his birth next Dec. 21. Major articles in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* are in preparation, together with a four-volume edition of his works. Posters and a statue are also being made ready for the event. As if to confirm the *Chronicle's* prediction, two pictures of Stalin last week appeared in a photo exhibit of Soviet history in Moscow. Since the Kremlin's attitude toward Stalin often has been a barometer of the government's willingness to repress dissenters, rehabilitation of the defamed dictator would portend an even bleaker era for the readers of the *Chronicle*.

BURMA

Another Left Turn

*Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?*

Not anymore, you can't. The side-wheel riverboats that Rudyard Kipling wrote about in the far-off days of the Empire are disappearing fast. At least a third of the ancient riverboats of Rangoon's nationalized Irrawaddy Flotilla Co. is laid up for lack of parts. The rest operate with dismaying irregularity. Like just about everything else in Burma, they have suffered in the grip of economic and political paralysis that strongman Ne Win calls "the Burmese Way to Socialism."

In the nearly eight years since his army-supported coup ousted from power U Nu, the ascetic contemplative former premier, Ne Win has led the country, which was once the world's largest exporter of rice, into a calamitous decline. For years he has effectively closed it off from the outside world, granting visas to tourists and journalists for stays of only 24 hours. Lately, in a general relaxation that included the release of most of his 2,000 political prisoners, he has allowed visitors to remain in Burma for three days instead of only one. After such a visit, *TIME* Correspondent David Greenway sent this report:

In Rangoon, queues of would-be shoppers form in the dingy light of false dawn, long before the rising sun has

set the golden stupa of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda aglow. For hours, as crows caw mournfully above the dirty streets, they stand in line at "people's stores," ration cards in hand, waiting for a chance to buy rice, bread, soap or a bit of cloth to make a *longyi*, the Burmese sarong. But when the doors open, the shelves, as often as not, are bare.

So severe are the shortages that a standard joke in Rangoon, which averages 100 inches of rain a year, is that if the government decided to nationalize water, there would be a drought. Rice exports continue to decline, dropping from 1,800,000 tons in 1962 to an expected 600,000 tons this year.

Four-Legged Economy. The mood is all the gloomier in Rangoon because many people had felt Ne Win was on the

first eight months of this year in skirmishes provoked, he said, by "Burmese Communists." In the Pegu Yoma mountains north of Rangoon, on the other hand, the Burmese army has scored heavy gains against the "White Flag" Communists and virtually controls the region for the first time in 20 years.

Two weeks ago, Ne Win finally handed down his decision about the advisory board's advice. "I am not interested in any economic system, with four legs or otherwise, which does not put the people's interests first," he said. "We must go the way of true socialism."

Sensing perhaps that the climate was not really changing, U Nu managed to go into exile early this year. After feigning illness and fainting spells, he convinced the government that he needed



EARLY MORNING SHOPPERS WAITING FOR "PEOPLE'S STORE" TO OPEN
If water were nationalized, there would be drought.

verge of making some overdue changes. Last year, in what seemed to be an effort to broaden his political base, he set up an "internal unity advisory board" composed of 33 old politicians, including former Premier U Nu.

Six months ago, the board's majority recommended a return to parliamentary democracy and a "four-legged" economic system that would include a private sector, cooperatives and joint private-public ventures, as well as state-run enterprises. It also recommended more autonomy for Burma's hill tribes and other minorities, which constitute 25% of the population.

Like their counterparts in other Southeast-Asian states, Burma's hill people resent being ruled by a lowland majority. Rebel organizations operate in the mountainous regions, and China has exploited discontent among the hill people as an inexpensive way of making mischief for the Rangoon government. Ne Win himself earlier this month admitted that his army had lost 133 men during

medical attention abroad. Once out of Burma, he set off on a world tour denouncing the Ne Win regime, then retired to Bangkok to contemplate a return to power. But Ne Win's position with the army appears secure. If he chooses to take Burma farther left, no matter how disastrous the course, he seems strong enough to do so.

MIDDLE EAST

Emboldened Arabs

Separated by only four miles of water, the Israeli town of Eilat and the Jordanian town of Aqaba face each other across the shimmering tip of the narrow Gulf of Aqaba. Because the two seaports are so close, an uneasy cease-fire prevails in the immediate area between the Arab and Israeli forces. Last week the truce was shattered.

Swimming by night through the clear water, Arab frogmen, who most likely were members of the Egyptian navy's commando force, silently attached mag-

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may sound kind of far out.**

**But then, so does flying
The Flag on the moon.**



Twenty years ago the computer age was just beginning. People thought of them as huge mechanical monsters only good for adding up a lot of numbers. Today, computers are a

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You won't see a rain forest in San Juan.

You won't see a giant sinkhole in San Juan.

You won't see a phosphorescent bay. You really have to see it at night to believe it.

You won't see sausage trees or mangroves or pineapples or bamboo or cactus or tobacco.

You won't ride a little pasofino horse or catch a 1,000 pound marlin and win \$10,000.

You won't see surfing on 25-foot peaks or beaches where there are more palm trees than there are people.

You won't see distilleries where they turn sugar cane into rum and welcome you with open vats, or cross the Rio Grande de Loíza on a hand-poled ferry.

You won't see a 700-year-old Indian ceremonial ground or a church that's older than St. Peter's or marine salt beds that look like glistening snow.

You'll want to bring your sunglasses.

You won't see a golf course carved from a coconut grove or take a short siesta on top of Toro Negro. Wake up and see the Atlantic to the north, the Caribbean to the south.



You won't see devout pilgrims climb a flight of stairs on their knees to a church on a hill or smell a coffee harvest in Yauco or get to a place where English isn't spoken.

You won't try a little seafood place named Villa Cofresí in Rincón on the west shore. There won't be any tourists at the next table because it's never been mentioned before in any travel folder.

You won't see the lair that once was the home of the pirate Roberto Cofresí or the foundations of Ponce de Leon's first house or the huge hotel built on a three-hundred-foot cliff in the middle of nowhere. To get down to the beach you have to ride a tramway.

You won't see the place where the Marines landed during the Spanish-American War or the spot

Christopher Columbus dropped anchor.

You won't have the fun of the dime ferry ride from behind the post office in San Juan to Cataño.

You won't see or do a lot of things you can see and do outside of San Juan.

The island isn't that big. You can drive anywhere and back in a day.

Puerto Rico is a strange and not-so-distant land. And it's nice to know you don't need a passport or a visa or vaccinations or customs or an international driving license.

You don't even have to change the bucks in your pocket.

If you visit Puerto Rico before December 14th, San Juan isn't crowded. Puerto Rico isn't even a little bit crowded. And the hotels don't cost as much.

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netic limpet mines to the hulls of two Israeli ships in Eilat harbor, then slipped away. A short time later, an explosion shook the 13,732-ton Zim Line freighter *Dahlia*, but its double hull prevented heavy damage. The other victim was an ancient 2,000-ton excursion boat named *Hey Daroma*, which had to be beached to keep it from sinking.*

Rising Aggressiveness. The attack on Eilat fitted into the month-long pattern of heightened Egyptian aggressiveness that Gamal Abdel Nasser calls "the war of attrition." As the seaport for Israel's trade with Asia and much of Africa, Eilat is highly important to the country's economic well-being. The Egyptians also launched several daylight commando raids against Israeli troops on the east bank of Suez. There was also renewed hostility on the part of Syria. The Israelis reckoned that it was intended, at least

in part, to embolden the Al-Fatah guerrillas, who after a two-week period of relative amity clashed once more in Lebanon with units of the Lebanese army.

Curiously, Israelis have responded only rarely in the past month to the many Arab raids. Last week, for example, they hit back hard only once, sending a large force of fighter-bombers to pound Arab gun positions near the Jordanian town of Salt. Middle East watchers were puzzled at the Israeli restraint. One reason may be that Premier Golda Meir is preoccupied with setting up a new Cabinet. On the other hand, some Arabs tend to see a cunning plot in Israel's lack of response. According to this script, the Israelis are carefully setting up a "fourth-round trap," feigning anguish now to justify a preemptive strike later.

Meanwhile, American hopes for a Big Two peace plan have dimmed. In a series of 31 meetings over the past nine months, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin and U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco reached

an understanding on some points, including the necessity for a direct and binding agreement between the parties and recognition of each other's right to exist in peace and security.

In its latest draft, the U.S. also agreed to an Israeli return to the pre-1967 borders with Egypt, but made this point conditional on the two countries involved working out mutual arrangements that would cover the Gaza Strip, Sharm el Sheikh, and the establishment of demilitarized zones in certain border areas. Dobrynin's failure to respond to Sisco's proposal unfortunately seems to indicate that Moscow is unwilling to override Nasser, who has violently attacked the U.S. proposal and renounced the possibility of a political settlement. While the Big Two talks are now on the verge of failure, Britain and France are pressing for resumption of the Big Four talks in New York to take up the problem of Jordan. The U.S., which has always regarded Nasser as a key to a Middle East settlement, is skeptical. Nonetheless, it will probably go along.

* The owner-master of *Hey Daroma* is Ike Aharonovich, 45, who became famous during Israel's battle for independence as skipper of another old ship, *Exodus*.

Crisis Over Neighborhood Punishment

ISRAEL is determined to maintain order in the territories seized from its neighbors in the 1967 war. To do so, it has taken harsh action against anyone believed to have harbored or assisted Arab terrorists. The houses of suspects have been destroyed, the owners exiled to Arab countries or imprisoned. As the war of terror has intensified, so have Israeli reprisals. When an Israeli soldier was killed by a terrorist hand grenade in the village of Halhoul in occupied Jordanian territory last month, Israelis decided to hold the community responsible. Acting under Defense Minister Moshe Dayan's new concept of "neighborhood punishment," they dynamited 18 dwellings and relocated their inhabitants.

The practice holds responsible for terrorist acts any person who knows of the presence of guerrillas and fails to report it to the authorities. Depending on their political perspective, some critics have compared this to the policies followed by the Nazis in Europe, the French in Algeria and the U.S. in Viet Nam. Though the Israelis have neither killed nor left Arabs homeless in the punitive actions, their decision to adopt the practice brought condemnation from the United Nations General Assembly's Social Committee. A resolution urging the Israelis to desist was passed 51 to 11, with fifty countries abstaining, among them the U.S., Britain and France. In a vicious blast, the Soviets likened the Israelis to Nazi Germany.

Nowhere else has the debate over neighborhood punishment become as heated as in Israel, where it triggered a Cabinet crisis that nearly cost Dayan his job. Fearful of losing public sup-



ARAB WOMAN AT HALHOUL

port in the U.S. and Europe, many Israelis questioned the wisdom and morality of fighting terror with terror. Dayan's opponents in the Israeli Cabinet seized on the issue to attack the Defense Minister.

In a Cabinet meeting that lasted six hours, Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Minister without Portfolio Pinhas Sapir used the punishment issue as a springboard for an attack on Dayan's entire policy for dealing with the occupied territories. They criticized his plans for

combining the economies of the occupied areas with that of Israel. They also scored his plans to settle Israelis in strategic areas, such as the Golan Heights, and his quasi-annexation of occupied territory through the gradual spread of Israeli law. Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, Dayan's chief rival for eventual premiership, joined in the attack on the Defense Minister's economic integration policy but, fearing a vote on the issue, walked out of the meeting before the argument ended.

Angrily refusing to retreat, Dayan also left the Cabinet meeting. While the other Ministers continued the debate, he went to a Jerusalem hotel, where he wrote out a statement of resignation. But before he could make it public, Premier Golda Meir, who apparently had become alarmed at Dayan's stubbornness, sent aides to bring him to her office for a long talk. Under her calm persuasion, Dayan cooled off and withdrew his resignation threat.

Dayan's maneuver proved that Mrs. Meir still considers him a necessary component in her finely balanced Cabinet. Even so, Dayan emerged from the crisis with something less than total victory. Later that day, after Golda and Moshe returned to the Cabinet, which was still in session, the Ministers refused either to approve or disapprove his doctrine of neighborhood punishment. Instead, they agreed on a formula to limit the old war hero's freedom of action. In the future, the general must have clearance from the Cabinet or its security committee before he punishes a whole community for the actions of terrorists operating there.

PEOPLE

Teen-age sophisticates can snicker as much as they like, but Mrs. John Mitchell's first experiment with marijuana was a sure enough bad trip. The Attorney General's wife offered to help dramatize a Bureau of Narcotics briefing for Justice Department wives by taking a whiff of some marijuana leaves burning in a pot. "I stuck my head right over it," Mrs. Mitchell recalls, "and no sooner had I got my head up off the stuff than my eyes started running and my throat was all irritated." Despite medication, a violent 24-hour allergic reaction set in, leaving her looking, she reported, "like I had been burned around my eyes and cheeks." That very day Anthropologist Margaret Mead was testifying on Capitol Hill that pot wasn't harmful. Said Mrs. Mitchell: "I was dying to get her on the phone and say 'You should see me.'"

No lady should have to compete with a bullhorn, even if she has the vocal equipment to drown out a dozen of them. Policemen in a Tampa, Fla. concert hall were trying hard to restrain a surging, frenzied audience reacting typically to Janis Joplin's *Try a Little Harder*. The cops resorted to a bullhorn, and that annoyed Janis. "Listen," she shouted, "I know there won't be any trouble if you'll just leave!" The officers refused and sounded the horn again. That did it. Janis, as a fan reported, "simply went nuts," blistering the air with a string of oaths and obscenities, whereupon the cops hustled her off to jail on charges of using profanity and indecent language. Free on bail, the queen of hyperthyroid blues insisted: "I say anything I want onstage. I don't mind getting arrested because I've turned a lot of kids on."



JOPLIN IN TAMPA
Language of blue.

A Temple University audience that included many clergymen and nuns was stunned by the sex, brutality and abrasive language of a play called *The Meteor*. Nor did the playwright ease their discomfort, as he accepted an honorary D.Lit. before the final performance at Temple's Tomlinson Theater. Friedrich Dürrenmatt, 48, irreverent son of a Protestant minister, read his acceptance speech seated on a rumpled bed on the play's set—the same bed where, a few minutes later, a naked woman



DÜRRENMATT AT TEMPLE
Success of scandal.

sprawled as her husband painted her portrait. Said the Swiss dramatist: "My academic career has now been successfully completed. I broke it off 23 years ago to write my first play instead of a dissertation, because I came to believe that one can think not only in philosophy but on the stage." Added Dürrenmatt: "My first drama caused a scandal. I still thrive on this start."

WHILE THREE ARE HEADED FOR THE MOON, read the banner headline, a LOVER ASTRONAUT IS IN IZMIR TO SEE HIS SWEETHEART. Former Astronaut Scott Carpenter may have thought that he was paying a quiet visit to an attractive young painter he had met in the States. What he didn't know was that Umran Baradan, 24, had told reporters that they would marry when Carpenter's divorce becomes final next spring. Then the papers had them sharing a hotel room, had Umran's father suffering a paralyzing stroke at the prospect of the



UMRAN & SCOTT
Flight of fantasy.

marriage, had her mother reacting with a nervous breakdown and an impassioned uncle threatening to dismember the lovers if they approached him. Umran backed down, Carpenter denied and denied, but there was no stopping Istanbul's *Hürriyet*, Turkey's biggest daily. "No one in the world understands me better than my brunette Turkish sweetheart Umran," *Hürriyet* quoted Scott as saying. "When I am divorced, I will come back and take her to Cape Kennedy. We will spend our honeymoon in a space capsule."

"Have you seen it walking around?" the First Lady challenged newsmen. "Have you seen me in 65 new outfits?" Offended by a recent Associated Press story reporting that her 1969 wardrobe cost \$19,000, Pat Nixon explained that she had some clothes "left over from before that people hadn't seen because we didn't live here." She also revealed a number of family economies that make life in the White House sound somewhat underprivileged. Julie, it seems, "hasn't bought any new skirts since she started college." Not only does the younger Nixon daughter hem up old models for the miniskirt look; she even makes do with hand-me-downs from Sister Tricia. Does the President ever check up on his ladies' fashion spending? "He doesn't check up on me," said Pat. "He knows how chintzy I am."

Auto racing's Andy Granatelli, eminently successful businessman as president of STP Corp., went up to Harvard Business School to deliver a lecture on marketing concepts. But Cambridge's embryo tycoons were surprisingly curious about other things—like why the big congratulatory kiss Andy planted on Driver Mario Andretti after their Indianapolis victory this year? "What else could I do and still be an Italian?" the burly Granatelli replied. "I like to kiss people. After the meeting today, if you get in line, I'll kiss all of you. I suppose you think I like Mario because he's Italian, but that's not true. I like him because I'm Italian." There was laughter and warm applause, but no one rushed up to the podium for a peck from Andy.

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THE PRESS

The Weekly Agnew Special

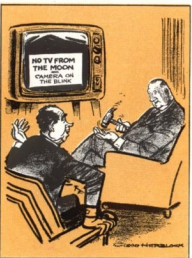
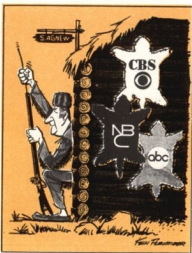
The *Spiro Agnew Show*, which seemed at first to be a one-shot special, may have gone weekly. Exactly seven days after the Vice President telecast his Des Moines attack on TV newscasters and commentators, he went on the air again, this time to play the New York *Times* and the Washington Post Co. Unlike the premiere, the second installment, from George Wallace's own Montgomery, Ala., did not get network coverage. But it was telecast, live or on tape, in some cities, including New York and Washington (where it was carried by the Post's WTOP-TV). It continued to give the Vice President so much attention on network news and in the nation's press that some may have wondered whatever became of the President.

Again Richard Nixon was not far off stage. Like the first speech, the Montgomery message was written by Nixon Speechwriter Pat Buchanan and circulated around the White House before delivery. There were other similarities. As in Des Moines, some worthy targets loomed in Agnew's sights; as in Des Moines, his ammunition was faulty.

Some Words. The American people, he said, "should be made aware of the trend toward the monopolization of the great public-information vehicles and the concentration of more and more power over public opinion in fewer and fewer hands." It was a promising introduction to a subject that needs discussion. But the only news conglomerate he mentioned was the Washington Post Co., which is hardly a giant in a field inhabited by the Newhouse chain (22 newspapers, seven TV stations, seven radio stations, 20 magazines), Scripps-Howard (16 newspapers, four TV stations, three radio stations) and the Knight group (eleven newspapers, six radio stations, one TV station).

Not only are the Washington Post Co.'s holdings relatively small (one newspaper, one news magazine, three TV stations, two radio stations), they are in highly competitive situations. The newspaper, as Owner Kay Graham was quick to point out, publishes in one of the three U.S. cities left with three major dailies under separate ownership. (New York and Chicago are the others.) And the magazine, *Newsweek*, hardly lacks for vigorous competition.

Agnew complained further that the Washington Post Co.'s outlets are "all grinding out the same editorial line," and "hearken to the same master." There, the Vice President had a point. Mrs. Graham is not inclined to install top editors who stray too far from her own liberal views. It was perhaps unfortunate for her that when *Newsweek's* Lester Bernstein commented on Agnew's speech over CBS radio in New York, he chose precisely the same words used by Mrs. Graham. But a partial con-



"SPIRO, I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN FOR YOU TO GO THIS FAR."

tradition of Agnew's charge of monolithism was produced by an issue close to Richard Nixon's heart. Last week the *Post* ran an editorial supporting Judge Haynsworth's elevation to the Supreme Court; WTOP opposed it.

Agnew again zeroed in on a worthwhile subject when he turned to the diminishing newspaper competition in many American cities. With so many newspapers dying, he said, many of the survivors have "grown fat and irresponsible." True enough, although the New York *Times* is not a convincing example. It may be true that the *Times* would be still better if it had more competition; but most professionals would disagree with Agnew's claim that the *Times* has got worse since the death of other New York papers.

The Vice President blundered when he cited examples to indicate bad news judgment by the *Times*. He declared that it "did not carry a word" about 300 Congressmen and 59 Senators who signed a letter endorsing the President's policy in Viet Nam. The fact is that the story missed the first edition but made all others.

Jefferson, Jackson. At one point Agnew declared: "The day when [newsman] enjoyed a form of diplomatic immunity from comment and criticism of what they said is over." But as James Reston asked in his New York *Times* column the next morning, when did that day ever dawn? Among some famous old snipes at the press noted by Reston: Thomas Jefferson writing in 1803 that "even the least informed of the people have learnt that nothing in a newspaper is to be believed"; and Andrew Jackson straining in 1837 some editors "who appear to fatten on slandering their neighbors and hire writers to lie for them." Most U.S. Presidents have fought back against attacks from the press—although in recent times the villains were often Republican publishers rather than liberal editors.

Agnew's views continued to draw considerable sympathy. The San Francisco *Examiner* editorialized: "It's high time somebody else started getting headlines besides the yuppies, bomb-throwers and the disruptive critics of every traditional American value." Vermont Royster, editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, bemoaned the fact that Agnew had drawn no praise for being in the company of critics like Jefferson, and added: "All of which leads to the melancholy conclusion that the press can dish it out but quivers when it's dishd back."

There was a good deal of quivering. Norman Isaacs, executive editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, fumed: "What we're facing now is a drive for a real one-party press, not through free expression but through open intimidation by the top officials of our Government." The Chicago *Sun-Times* said Agnew's attitude recalled a 1920 quote by Lenin: "Why should a government that is doing what it believes to be right allow itself to be crit-

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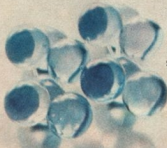
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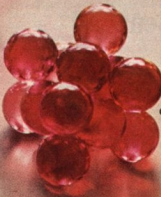
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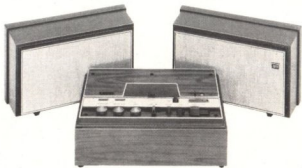
icized? It would not allow opposition by lethal weapons. Ideas are much more fatal than guns." To suggest even remotely that the Nixon Administration takes a Leninist attitude toward the press is patently absurd.

The Washington Post ran a calm editorial the day after the Montgomery speech, characterizing it as "temperate and thoughtful . . . and in no way menacing on its face." There is indeed plenty to criticize about contemporary U.S. journalism—all the more so because the press and TV make little effort at self-criticism or self-examination. In fact, some of the vulnerable areas were not touched upon by the Vice President.

Bold, not Bland. In television it can be argued that far from being too opinionated, news is not opinionated and hard-hitting enough. Among the more thought-provoking responses to Agnew was a speech by Fred Friendly to the California Institute of Technology. Urging "bolder, not blander illumination" of issues on television, Friendly recalled regretfully that when he was president of CBS News in 1964, he decided against analysis of President Johnson's Gulf of Tonkin speech. Edward R. Murrow, for one, immediately phoned Friendly to deplore the omission. "I shall always believe," Friendly said last week, "that if journalism had done its job properly that night and in the days following, America might have been spared some of the agony that followed the Tonkin Gulf resolution."

In print journalism, on the other hand, a legitimate subject of concern is the growing phenomenon of reporters who are becoming participants in rather than observers of events (TIME, Oct. 24). On Moratorium Day in October, thousands of newsmen signed petitions for peace, joined in rallies and donned buttons or armbands. During this month's Moratorium activities, reporter participation was less pronounced but still present. (Not all the involved newsmen, it should be noted, were against the war. The Chattanooga Times, in fact, carried both pro and antiwar ads bought by groups of their own reporters.)

Managements face the difficult question of where a reporter's civic right to be involved in politics ends and his journalistic duty to be fair and detached begins. Many young journalists have been raised in an atmosphere of advocacy, and are not willing to accept the traditional rules about journalistic detachment. When Agnew prescribes a "high wall" between comment and news, he makes a hoary, oversimplified demand for what is impossible—"objectivity." But questions of journalistic fairness and variety or uniformity of opinion are valid issues for debate. The U.S. press, far from feeling intimidated, ought to welcome Agnew's challenge—and reply as vigorously as it sees fit. The result could make *The Spiro Agnew Show* and its successors (*The Dean Burch Hour?* *The Ronald Reagan Review?*) into a regular and fascinating TV series.



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ART

Design for Osaka

At Montreal's Expo 67, the glittering bubble designed by Buckminster Fuller made the U.S. Pavilion the highest—and most striking—building at the fair. For Osaka's Expo 70, the U.S. has come up with a switch: a ground-hugging shallow dome that will be the lowest pavilion at the fair—so low, in fact, that part of it will be underground.

Designed by a team of young New Yorkers who won the commission over much better known contestants, the present pavilion is a comedown of sorts from the spectacular cluster of airborne spheres originally proposed but ruled out by a congressional budget slash. But the design is still a spectacular achievement. From the air it may look like a king-size mattress pad, but from ground level the thing it most resembles is a moon crater roofed over with a shallow, translucent dome. The pa-

ball's greats. The U.S. avant-garde will be represented by the results of an art and technology program; twenty artists including Claes Oldenburg and Tony Smith have been working for the past year with industrial plants to see what closer collaboration between artist and artisan can do.

One Man's Fancy

His mother was related to the Ford clan and sister to J. L. Hudson, founder of Detroit's biggest department store. His mother helped to found Detroit's first art museum, and she took him East with her when she went to buy Early American furniture. Then Robert Tannahill became an art patron and collector himself. Every year he traveled abroad to the art centers of Europe. At home he helped struggling young artists educate themselves and find a market for their work. Under no pressure to work, under no need to meet a pay-

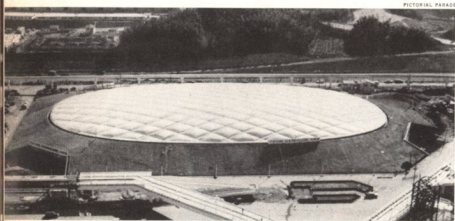
ing his favorite museum a last and most munificent gift: his multimillion-dollar private collection, including a life-size Renoir nude, seven Cézanne oils, five major Picassos and an important collection of African sculpture.

Worrisome Gap. The special quality of Collector Tannahill's taste was for the warmly intimate. He chose the sensuous over the coldly classical, and though he appreciated style, he did not care for the showy. Sometimes his predilections led him astray. He owned, for instance, ten works by the American painter John Carroll, whose wispy, willowy ladies were scarcely top quality even in their own time. Nevertheless, there are enough first-rate impressionist and post-impressionist paintings in the Tannahill collection to make any museum happy—especially the Detroit Institute. "One of our most worrisome gaps has been in the area of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists," says Director Willis F. Woods. Adds Assistant Director Cummings: "Now we can compete with Chicago."

Characteristic of Tannahill's personal choice is the late, atypical Rouault *Head of a Girl*—almost certainly a portrait of Josephine Baker, the girl from St. Louis who discovered early on that Parisians above all people realized black is beautiful. Rouault rarely did portraits of specific persons, and to Cummings this departure from his usual practice suggests "a special relationship" between artist and sitter.

Early Impressionism. The Manet *On the Beach* is also an unusual work: an important example of the artist's conversion, in mid-career, to the informal open-air painting now known as Impressionism. Painted during the summer of 1873 on the seacoast of Berck-sur-Mer, its lighter palette and sketchier treatment present a striking departure from the indoor lighting and carefully worked-up details of the earlier, sensational *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*—an outdoor scene painted in the studio. Even the Roussseau is a little offbeat, though the famous Sunday painter of imaginary jungles and deserts did some similar scenes from life in the suburbs of Paris. This fine example has all the qualities that excited the admiration of Picasso and other masters of modernism: the naive perspective, the careful yet unrealistic drawing, the distinctive overall look that instantly proclaims its author an individual.

Tannahill's collection has never been well known outside his native Detroit, and even there only a few friends and museum officials have ever seen it as a whole. Tannahill kept it on the walls and tables of his elegant Grosse Pointe home, seldom lent or published anything from it. Next spring the entire collection will go on view at the Detroit Institute, and the public will be able to see how one man's fancy built a magnificent collection any museum can be proud to own.



U.S. PAVILION AT EXPO 70
Moon crater roofed over with a translucent dome.

vilion covers an oval area approximately the size of two football fields. Its solid, earth-filled walls slope as gently inward and upward as the lower slopes of Fujiyama. Halfway up, the solid earth gives way to an airy, translucent blister. Made of vinyl-coated fiber glass, this roof is laced by restraining cables and is supported entirely by a cushion of compressed air.

Inside, a two-story structure will house seven major exhibits built around images of America past and present. The largest area will be devoted to U.S. accomplishment in space exploration, including a full-scale simulation of the Sea of Tranquility landing site of the Apollo 11 moon shot. American life on earth will be covered by a series of exhibits of architecture, folk art, and a review of the realistic tradition in U.S. painting, from Gilbert Stuart to Andrew Wyeth. A mixed-media sports exhibit will include memorabilia of base-

roll, he gave where he found the giving useful, he bought when he found the value worth preserving, and he could afford to disregard the sureties of market taste. He did not feel compelled to buy the typical or the characteristic. He did on occasion—a great painting is irresistible at times, even to a millionaire of individualistic taste. "But his collection is completely his own," says Assistant Director Frederick Cummings of the Detroit Institute of Art. "He bought what he liked, and it was the best."

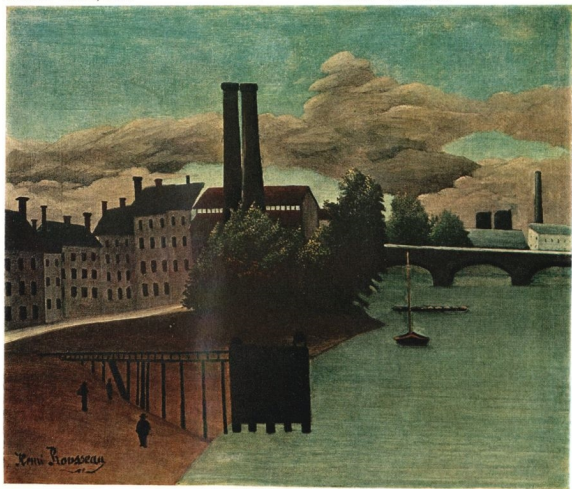
Cummings should know. For more than 40 years, Tannahill was active in the affairs of the Institute. He was a long-time member of its governing body and an honorary curator of American art. He made his first gift (an 18th century Hispano-Moorish vase valued at \$25) in 1926, and remained a generous benefactor till his death in September at the age of 76. In his will Tannahill made his personal choices public by giv-



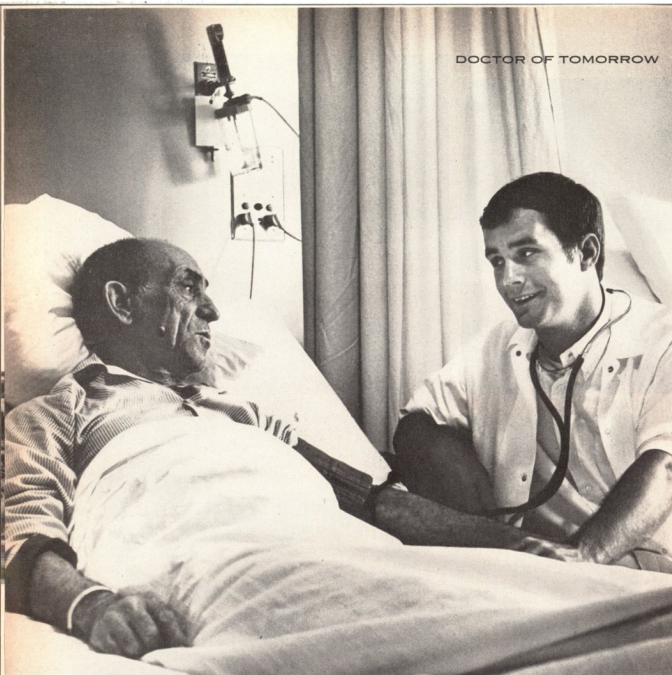
Rouault's "Head of a Girl"



Manet's "On the Beach"



Boudin's "The Outskirts of Paris"



DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

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THE THEATER

Grotowski's Seminar

One of the most striking aspects of the visit to the U.S. of Jerzy Grotowski and his Polish Laboratory Theater is that it has forced drama critics to think about the nature of theater. The audience for the final play of a three-play series was limited to 40 people. This means that opening night was virtually a seminar in drama for the first-string critics of New York.

The plays that followed *The Constant Prince* (TIME, Oct. 24) were *Akropolis* and *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*. *Akropolis* contains a staggering irony in its title,

and the death and resurrection of Lazarus. It also has the sexuality of a wet dream, with one character rubbing a loaf of bread against his groin until he achieves orgasm. Perhaps the most unsettling sight and sound of the evening is that of several characters in turn biting into the naked side of the Christ figure and sucking his blood.

What, then, are the lessons to be learned from Grotowski and his magnificently trained ensemble company? First and foremost, that in serious drama there is no substitute for intensity. A play is like a magnifying glass that focuses the full heat of the sun on the head of a pin.



SCENE FROM "AKROPOLIS"
Wheelbarrows of agony.

for it is actually about Auschwitz. The title is an implicit judgment on a civilization that plummets from its zenith to its lowest depths. The inmates of the death camp spend most of the evening dumping each other in and out of wheelbarrows, piecing together homely sections of stovepipe and finally, one by one, entering a crematorium. The playwright's knowledge that the pipes that the members of the cast have strung about the stage will channel the smoke of their own burning flesh makes *Akropolis* the most powerful indictment of genocide that has been rendered in the theater.

In *Apocalypsis cum Figuris*, the characters are actors who have undertaken to improvise the roles of Simon Peter, Judas, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, John and the Simpleton—the Simpleton being the Fool in Christ and also Christ. As with all of Grotowski, this consists of rendering states of being rather than moving in any given plot direction. The play contains stinging parodies of Biblical episodes such as the marriage feast of Cana

Grotowski has discovered that the smaller the audience the greater the intensity. The relationship between actor and audience is subtly altered from performer and spectator to a merging of personality in which each somehow acquires the identity of the other and suffers the same strife of soul.

One reason for this is that both playwright and actor are forced to divest themselves of casual everyday preoccupations and behavior patterns. As Grotowski puts it, he wants to demonstrate "what is behind the mask of common vision: the dialectics of human behavior. At a moment of psychic shock, a moment of terror, of mortal danger or tremendous joy, a man does not behave 'naturally.'" By attacking the whole concept of natural behavior, Grotowski divorces himself from the cult of psychological realism, as exemplified, in the Actors' Studio. The Actors' Studio idea is that the self is an onion. If one peels off enough layers, one will reach emotional verity. But Grotowski's goal is spiritual truth. Through strenuous

physical exercise and contemplative disciplines, his actors are trained to ignite as if in an atmosphere of pure oxygen.

What is the purpose of this combustion? Just as night most vividly defines day, Grotowski believes that blasphemy against a taboo re-creates a sense of the holy. If a man were to defecate on a church altar, for example, even a confirmed atheist would feel some sense of shock. In that shock, in the very act of profanation, some sense of the sacred would be reborn and reconfirmed. Opposites imply each other. Grotowski shows an audience the passion of man, his agony, his desolation, his death, and above all the violation of his body and his spirit. By portraying the utter humiliation of man, Grotowski reminds one that no prouder being ever issued from the hand of God.

The drawback to Grotowski's method is that while it would work perfectly in *Hamlet*, it would be no good at all for a superb comedy of manners like *The Importance of Being Earnest*. In the arrogant exclusivity of his definition of drama, Grotowski elevates the director and the actor while excluding much of the world's dramatic literature. But when it comes to plays and themes that are stocked with spiritual tinder, Grotowski has proved that no one can set them more fiercely ablaze.

Kdang!

Know thyself, said the ancients. Man cannot know himself, say the moderns. He is the enigma of enigmas, a brute wrapped in reason, an innocent ensnared in sensuality, a master builder of societies and civilizations who wrecks them like a frustrated child. This is the underlying theme of British playwright Edward Bond's *Narrow Road to the Deep North*, which is having its U.S. premiere run at Boston's Charles Playhouse.

The play is vaguely set in Japan in about the 17th, 18th or 19th century. Dramatic purists might reject the entire work as being similarly vague, as too often cloaking murk in mystification. The action unfolds like a series of semi-related Japanese prints, some limpidly serene, others viscerally gory.

There is no hero. The central figure is Basho, the great 17th century Japanese poet. To this role, Nicholas Kepros brings a wry gravity of mien and a musical clarity of line delivery that merits his being called Zen Gielgud. Basho is on a quest for enlightenment, a radiant shaft of wisdom that will have the direct luminous perception of one of his poems:

Silent old pool
Frog jumps
Kdang!

Instead, he encounters the world. A power-mad dictator, Shogo, establishes a great city but it is overthrown by Blimpish invaders blasting away with gunboats and Christian hymns. This regime establishes an inner tyranny of sin and guilt, and it too collapses. At

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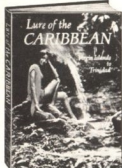
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play's end a nude man, all but drowned, clammers out of a river and towels himself off—the naked ape—a genius at survival and a dunce at self-transcendence.

Oedipal Farce

A man is given his first birth, but an artist has to earn his second one. So arduous is this struggle, so embedded in a writer's marrow, that he almost always devotes one autobiographical work to it. Playwright Oliver Hailey's *Who's Happy Now?* may not be autobiographical, but it has the indelible sound of private experience. His play belongs among the most perceptive portrayals of the son-father relationship that have been brought to the stage. Its special quality is that it is an Oedipal farce, zany, effervescently comic, and full of as many crazy laughs as a clock has ticks.

The setting and the mood are Saroyanesque, an East Texas small-town bar. The time is the '40s and '50s, as the hero (Ken Kercheval) grows from boyhood to manhood. The father claims that he hates the boy, which is only half true. Not the least of Hailey's sound intuitions is the recognition that love and hate are not opposites but twins. The father is a butcher. He is violent, sentimental, and fiercely masculine. He has kept a one-fisted grip on two women for 20 years, his wife (Teresa Wright) and his mistress, played by Rue McClanahan with giggly glory and flawless timing.

The boy has a talent for song writing, eventually fulfilled, but he tries to become a butcher. He fights his father; yet he wants his father's approval—and deeper still, he wants to be his father. In scenes that are amusing and astute, the son proposes marriage to his father's mistress and later tries to coax his mother into leaving the awful man and coming to live with him.

The funniest scene of the evening is a birthday party for the father, with the ceiling festooned with frankfurters, and a cake shaped like a chopping block. The father vows that he will not touch the cake. Grudgingly, he accepts a piece, bites skeptically into it, whereupon his face unclouds with delight as he discovers that the cake is made of meat. Moments like that are rare in a season, let alone a play, and they make *Who's Happy Now?* a minor treasure.

Young Fossils

Posterity moves feverishly fast these days, and *Hair* has not been slow to acquire feeble disciples, September's *Salvation* and now November's *Stomp*.

These one-word titles betray a poverty of dramatic invention. *Stomp's* cast is energetic, visibly sincere and hopelessly amateurish. The show's ingredients come in the familiar Dropout Kit—anti-Viet Nam, pro-pot, anti-haircuts, prof-four-letter words. The saddest trouble with so many of "the kids" is that they have become such conformist old fossils while scarcely out of their teens.



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- A. a) Sharp
b) Sharp**

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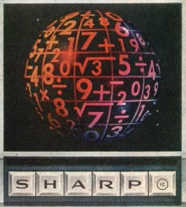
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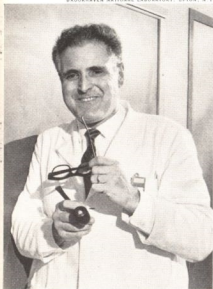
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MEDICINE

Correcting Brain Chemistry

Although medical researchers still do not agree on the origin of Parkinson's disease, there is no doubt that the immediate cause is damage to cells in a little-known part of the brain. Because of this damage, the victims of parkinsonism suffer from many symptoms that become progressively more severe and disabling: an involuntary tremor or pill-rolling movement of the fingers, rigidity of major limb muscles, hasty gait, slurred speech and difficulty in moving and turning. A parkinsonian patient falls

BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORY, UPTON, N. Y.



COTZIAS

The rewards of skipping homework.

frequently, and he develops a forward-leaning posture to protect him against toppling over backward.

Metals in the Body. Superficially, there would seem to be little relationship between parkinsonism and the plight of some Chilean miners who have suffered massive manganese poisoning. But an imaginative, Greek-born investigator now working at the Brookhaven National Laboratory noted that some of the symptoms are similar and that the same part of the brain is involved in both conditions. Thanks to his astute observation and his persistence in trying a discarded treatment, 2,000 or more parkinsonism patients in the U.S. are now enjoying the first effective drug treatment for the disorder. There is hope that after the research phase is finished, the benefits can be extended to hundreds of thousands more. (The number of victims of parkinsonism in the U.S. alone is estimated at 300,000 to 1,500,000.) The drug is usually called L-dopa, or simply dopa, short for Levo-dihydroxyphenylalanine.

George Constantine Cotzias fled from

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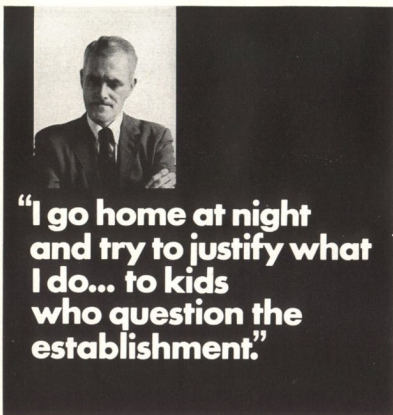
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his Nazi-occupied homeland in 1941 and resolved to get a medical education in the U.S. Turned down by seven schools, he took the advice of his father, a former mayor of Athens: "If you don't get what you want at first, try for something better." So young Cotzias went after the best, was accepted at Harvard Medical School—probably, Cotzias suggests, because no one there minded his fractured English—and was graduated *cum laude*. After training in neurology at the top places, Massachusetts General and Rockefeller University hospitals, Dr. Cotzias became a full-time researcher at the Brookhaven lab on Long Island, specializing in the movement and effects of trace metals in the body.

On a World Health Organization assignment in Chile, Cotzias suspected that the brains of manganese-poisoned miners had suffered chemical changes. He tried a chemical treatment. "It proved to be wrong," says the ebullient and totally unabashed Cotzias. Working on the analogous symptoms in parkinsonism at Brookhaven, he tried another drug treatment. This involved efforts to raise the brain's content of melanin, the pigment in suntanned skin. "Wrong again!" declares Cotzias, with the energy of a small volcano. "The patient's skin got darker, but the tremor got worse."

Ignorance Was Bliss. Research at Brookhaven and other centers indicated that L-dopa might correct the parkinsonian brain's defective chemistry. "We hadn't done our homework, hadn't read the journals and didn't know that it had already been rejected as useless," Cotzias booms. "Ignorance was bliss." Even so, Cotzias and his colleagues got no immediate improvement in his patients. If they had stopped the L-dopa treatment as early as other researchers had, they would have accomplished nothing. But they persisted, giving the drug month after month in gradually increasing doses, eventually far greater than any that had ever been tried in human patients before.

It worked with dramatic benefit in 75% or more of Brookhaven's patients (TIME, Oct. 4, 1968). A major pharmaceutical company agreed to mass-produce dopa for wider testing and, eventually, for general prescription use. Cotzias has already shown that L-dopa is also effective in relieving the worst symptoms of a crippling (and, until now, eventually fatal) childhood muscle disorder called dystonia musculorum deformans. He is working on its application for certain selected groups of patients with cerebral palsy.

From his Olympian view of neurology, Cotzias sees far wider use of chemistry in the correction of disorders of the brain and nervous system. For his contributions to date, Dr. Cotzias, 51, has just received the Clinical Medical Research Award of the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation—\$10,000, plus a replica of another Greek's masterpiece, the Victory of Samothrace.


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EDUCATION

The Pill at Stanford

Are today's students really against the old American notion that colleges must act *in loco parentis*? In some ways, the young seem to be asking for even more tender, loving care. At Stanford University, President Kenneth Pitzer is now pondering whether his school should take over yet another function—dispensing the Pill to unmarried women students under as well as over the age of 21.

Many of Stanford's 2,820 coeds are now seeking contraceptive help at the nearby Palo Alto Planned Parenthood center; its director, Gloria Davis, complains that the clinic is so crowded with students that high school teenagers from the community are being squeezed out. Dr. James McClenahan, director of Stanford's health center, agrees that the university itself should probably take over. Dr. Richard U'Ren, a psychiatrist at the university health center, thinks otherwise. "What the health center should be dispensing to unmarried students is advice," he says. "If students want to go beyond that, it should be their responsibility, not the university's." President Pitzer is expected to announce his decision some time after Christmas. He has ample precedent for approving the plan: according to a survey by the American College Health Association at least a dozen colleges already prescribe the pill to unmarried women under 21.

Hard Times for S.D.S.

After the radical Students for a Democratic Society split into angry factions at the organization's convention last June, the question was whether any of them could mount an effective "fall offensive." The answer is no. By last week, S.D.S. had fallen on extremely hard times. Items:

► At Fordham University, 400 students turned out for a mass rally called by the Committee to Abolish S.D.S. Angered by the violent tactics that S.D.S. had used to protest ROTC at Fordham, the students called on the university's president, Father Michael Walsh, to bar the organization from the campus.

► At Harvard, militant black students briefly cooperated with S.D.S. raiders in occupying the office of Dean Ernest May to protest the university's allegedly racist employment practices. The black-white alliance broke down when the white radicals insisted on holding May captive. Arguing that such a move would serve no useful purpose, the black students ushered the dean through the S.D.S. ranks and out of the building.

► Also in Cambridge, police arrested 15 young men and nine women said to be members of the supermilitant Weatherman faction of S.D.S. Raids on three apartments netted a small arsenal: one shotgun, three rifles and nearly 1,000

rounds of ammunition. All 24 were charged with conspiracy to commit murder by firing two shots through the front window of the Cambridge police station earlier this month.

► In Washington, a Moratorium leader Stephen Cohen, accused Weatherman leaders of trying to "shake down" his committee by demanding \$20,000 in return for pledging nonviolence during the peace demonstrations. "We politely told them to get lost," said Cohen. The Weathermen say that they asked for help in paying the massive legal fees that have piled up in Chicago, where more than 200 of their members are



WEATHERMEN MARCHING IN CHICAGO
Just like Custer.

coming to trial for rioting last month. But they deny that it was a shakedown, claiming that Moratorium leaders issued the story to discredit them. When the violence did come in Washington, the Weathermen were in the thick of it (see THE NATION).

Ways and Means. S.D.S. is broken into so many factions on most campuses that its energies are being dissipated by internal haggling. Although distinctions between the S.D.S. factions are blurry, there are three principal wings: the Worker-Student Alliance, the Revolutionary Youth Movement 1 (Weatherman) and the Revolutionary Youth Movement 2. All are committed to the notion of a more or less violent revolution in America, but they differ over ways and means.

Taking a Marxist-Leninist line borrowed from the Progressive Labor Party, the Worker-Student Alliance insists that students subordinate themselves to workers as the vanguard of the revolution. Though W.S.A. thinks that Negro laborers will ultimately lead the movement, it hedges on the primacy of black workers at the start. As a result, the other factions label W.S.A. racist. In turn, W.S.A. criticizes the rest of S.D.S. for looking down on workers and existing labor organizations.

The Weathermen,* led by former Columbia Student Mark Rudd, take a more mystical and violent approach. Larry David Nachman, a radical political theorist at City University of New York, calls them "Marxist-Romantics." The Ruddites insist that the true revolutionary vanguard will emerge from underprivileged youth. To that end, the Weathermen desperately try to act tough in ways that supposedly appeal to the *machismo* of street kids. The Weathermen actually believed that their "Days of Rage" in Chicago last month would touch off such a contagion of disorder that the "pig power structure" would tremble, if not collapse.

White-Skin Privileges. R.Y.M. 2 is an indefinable refuge for S.D.S. regulars fleeing the crazed R.Y.M. 1. A grab bag of left-liberals and radicals who abhor the Weathermen, R.Y.M. 2 believes that young people should act as the "revolutionary consciousness" of the working class. R.Y.M. 2 stresses the racism of white workers and asks them to renounce "white-skin privileges" in deference to their revolutionary black brothers. R.Y.M. 2 emphatically shares the Black Panther view that adventures like last month's Weatherman rampage are suicidal and "Custeristic."

Then there are growing divisions within divisions. The W.S.A.-controlled chapter at San Francisco State stridently denounced the Moratorium as "a phony," thus isolating itself from a popular campus cause. The W.S.A. chapter at Harvard grudgingly supported the Moratorium but quickly found another popular student cause to oppose: the recent demonstrations against the Instrumentation Laboratory at M.I.T., which they felt would take jobs away from workers.

By their own estimate, the Weathermen number only 1,000 members—more than the W.S.A. and probably R.Y.M. 2—and they control at least half of the S.D.S. campus chapters. Despite their problems, which they claim include growing harassment by police, the Weathermen clearly intend to carry on their maniacal drive for revolution. That prospect threatens to give protest a bad name generally and betray the majority of students who yearn for effective and peaceful reform of U.S. social problems.

* The name is taken from a line in Bob Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues*: "You don't need a weatherman/To know which way the wind blows."

RELIGION

Clergy and Abortions

The minister glanced at the car that had pulled up in front of his Detroit office and wondered whether, in police parlance, he had been "set up." As one of the 75 members of Michigan Clergy for Problem Pregnancy Counseling, he had been called earlier by a man who urgently wanted an appointment. But the car outside carried the "EU 1" license-tag prefix that, the minister knew from his work around the city, is allotted to the Detroit police department. Was this a raid by policemen seeking to smash an "abortion ring"?

Not quite, relates the Rev. Carl Bielby, director of social services for the De-

troit Council of Churches, who organized the counseling service 20 months ago. The driver of the car was indeed a police officer. But he was bringing his own unmarried, pregnant daughter for counseling. The minister sat down with the two and outlined the procedure for going outside Michigan for an abortion that would have been impossible at home.

The service has since received 1,100 inquiries, and ministers have met with 500 women for serious counseling. Most of them seek abortions. The majority by a narrow margin—55% to 45%—are single. About 65% are between 19 years and 30; 14% are 18 or younger. The latter group must bring parents. Explains Bielby: "A girl in that situation at that age ought to have the help of her family."

The high cost of abortions—from \$500 up—has limited the clientele of the counseling service; most callers are relatively prosperous suburban whites. Prospective clients who dial the M.C.P.C.'s Detroit number—964-0838—hear a recorded female voice that

The medical decision, however, quickly follows. Michigan's only ground for therapeutic abortion is saving the life of the mother. As a result, most women must leave the state. Usually they are advised to go to nearby Cleveland or to Chicago, where abortions are still illegal but can be performed safely and discreetly—and sometimes they travel as far as London.* The Michigan ministers refer them to doctors on a list that has been checked out by Bielby himself or by a cooperating physician. "In this way," says Bielby, "we're not recommending people to quacks or butchers in the back rooms of drugstores."

The Michigan clergy operates with what Bielby calls the "silent acceptance" of the state. When their service was being organized, a committee met quietly with state officials and agreed to the ground rules. Although a minister who suggested abortion could possibly be accused of criminal conspiracy, he can presume that he is relatively safe from prosecution unless a complaint is lodged against him by one of the women he has counseled. Bielby makes certain that ministers agree to a stringent code that makes the final decision the woman's rather than the minister's. "Our real hope," says Bielby, "is that the abortion laws in the state will be changed so that this kind of service will no longer be necessary."

A Warning to the Press

When correspondents picked up application forms for new press cards at the Vatican press office last week, they were handed a little leaflet. News-men, the leaflet said, would be expected to maintain "an attitude completely proper regarding the Holy See and the Catholic Church." Anyone who demonstrated an "incorrect attitude" might lose his credentials.

While reporters fumed, Monsignor Fausto Vallaia, head of the Vatican press office, excused the standards as "merely a rephrasing of the old rules." In point of fact, only three journalists have had their Vatican credentials lifted in the past 18 years—and only one lost his permanently. Vatican press briefings, moreover, have increased and improved (TIME, Oct. 31). Yet some officials—among them Deputy Secretary of State Archbishop Giovanni Benelli—apparently felt the need to protect themselves against misinterpretation. Explained a Vatican insider: "Journalists today try to write like theologians, getting involved in highly controversial doctrinal matters. Any journalist who behaves irresponsibly in doing this kind of reporting can damage the religious consciences of Catholic readers around the world."

* Arkansas, California, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Maryland, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon and, most recently, Delaware have adopted liberalized abortion laws. But generally hospitals refuse out-of-state patients to avoid becoming abortion meccas for the U.S.



BIELBY COUNSELING WOMAN IN DETROIT
The EU 1 prefix was no setup.

troit Council of Churches, who organized the counseling service 20 months ago. The driver of the car was indeed a police officer. But he was bringing his own unmarried, pregnant daughter for counseling. The minister sat down with the two and outlined the procedure for going outside Michigan for an abortion that would have been impossible at home.

Prosperous Clientele. The Michigan service is similar to one originated in 1967 by the Rev. Howard R. Moody of New York's Judson Memorial Church that has been copied—with modifications—by more than 100 community or state groups. Wherever new units are formed, the response is surprisingly strong. Four months ago, the Michigan ministers installed a telephone-answering service that was publicized in newspapers and through the highly efficient grapevine that connects women who have or have had unwanted pregnancies.

gives names and telephone numbers of participating ministers. The roster, whose members represent almost all Protestant denominations, changes regularly. Each woman caller is told to bring a doctor's certificate indicating a positive pregnancy and the date of conception. During the counseling session, however, she has to undergo neither sermonizing nor inquiries into her sexual conduct.

Instead the counselor reviews five alternatives that undoubtedly she has pondered herself—marriage, offering the child for adoption, keeping the baby, abortion and suicide—and checks her moral reaction to each alternative. Admits Bielby: "By the time a woman has decided to call us, her mind is pretty well made up that an abortion is what she wants. What we do is try to make her aware of her feelings and moral convictions. This is a moral decision, not a medical one."

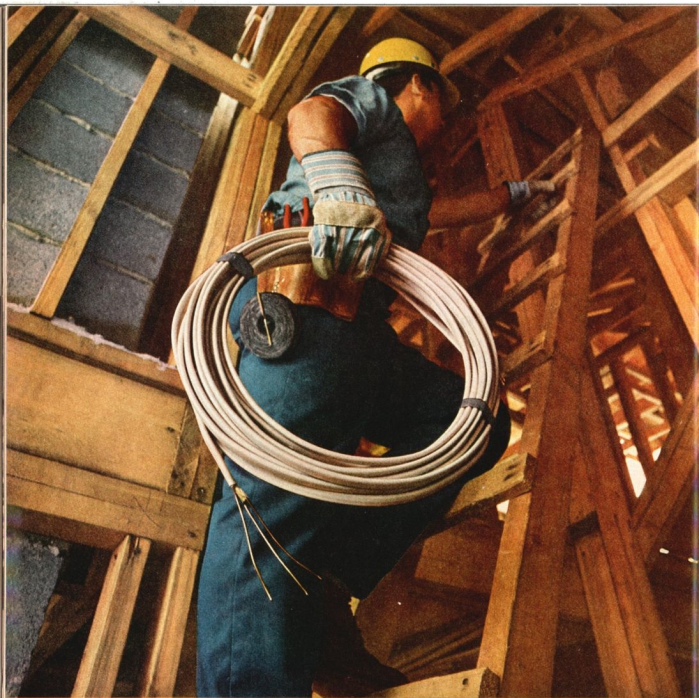
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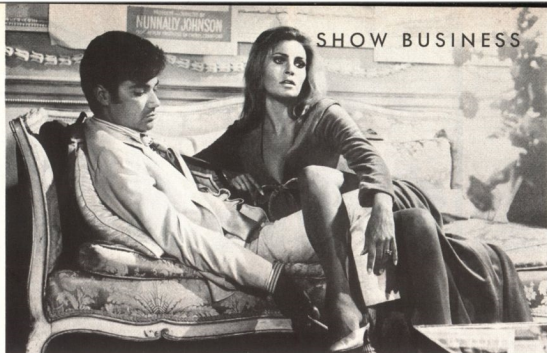
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REX REED & RAQUEL FILMING "MYRA"

Myra/Raquel: The Predator of Hollywood

I am Myra Breckinridge, whom no man will ever possess. Clad only in garter belt and one dress shield, I held off the entire elite of the Trobriand Islanders, a race who possess no words for "why" or "because." I am the New Woman whose astonishing history is a poignant amalgam of vulgar dreams and knife-sharp realities. Soon, by an extreme gesture, I shall cease altogether to be human and become legend like Jesus, Buddha, Cybele . . .

FEW spectacles are more terrifying than the New Woman, bearing the twin torches of Desire to Succeed and Disdain for Mere Man. This quality of savage purpose was etched to its satiric extreme in *Myra Breckinridge*. Gore Vidal's travesty dealt with a sex change—the conversion of Myron to Myra—and with America's compulsive devotion to movies. It was Myra's unholy quest to vanquish man; the locus of her attack was the wellspring of his contemporary myths, Hollywood. Clad principally in feminine indestructibility, she sought to blind men with her beauty, determinedly "unmanning" them in the way that King Kong was reduced to a mere simian whimper by beauteous Fay Wray, whom I resemble left three-quarter piece."

Raquel Tejeda Welch bears no resemblance to frail, delicate Fay Wray from any angle. Her attack on the male world is based on calculated carnality, on the woman as animal. The parallels between her and Vidal's carnivorous heroine are remarkable. Says Raquel, "I understand Myra thoroughly. I've always identified with her." Now she is bring-

ing her sense of identification to the screen in the title role of 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming film version of *Myra*. Not since *Cleopatra* has a movie provoked so much gossip, speculation, expectation—and guerrilla war—even before going into production. As the filming staggers into its ninth week, real-life and fantasy female forces keep colliding in Raquel Welch, and the collision promises the extreme moment of her career. If she can't convincingly play the invincible, pathologically ambitious Myra, she probably can't play anyone.

The Rock, Wonder Woman. The Plastic Sheena. Whatever unladylike sobriquets attach to Raquel, there is no denying her box-office attraction. Clad mainly in animal hides and bikinis, brandishing her publicity photos like the jawbone of an ass, Raquel set about five years ago to hold off the entire critical elite of cinema and conquer mankind through Hollywood. Now only 29, she has enjoyed extraordinary success. Her brooding, aquiline face and brimming, arabesque body (37-22-35) have launched thousands of picture spreads. The mere mention of her name (or the sight of it, in endless *Laugh-In* balloon gags) is high-premium chuckle insurance for every TV and nightclub humor writer in the land. After 15 films that range, except for *Bedazzled*, from unintentionally risible to just plain awful, she is worth more than \$4,000,000, earns about \$950,000 a year. Even more astonishing, she has succeeded in becoming the No. 1 sex symbol in a world in which sex has been stripped of its last, diaphanous shred of symbolism.

Why is there a Raquel? This is the Age of Lubricity—a time of topeless shoeshine parlors and bottomless go-go dancers, of mouth-wash ads that assure sexual triumph, of the Pill and unlimited campus overnights. Films like *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *Coming Apart* depict explicit sexuality at your friendly neighborhood theater. Yet somehow there is still Raquel the Sex Goddess, who has bared neither entire breast nor buttock to the public eye, and whose career has never been galvanized by the iridescent zinc of scandal. Even she admits: "I think that whole sex-symbol thing is an anachronism."

. . . I exist outside the usual realm of human experience, a creature of fantasy, a daydream revealing the feminine principle's need to regain once more the primacy she lost at the time of the Bronze Age. Is there a man alive who is a match for Myra Breckinridge? . . .

The essence of Raquel's appeal lies beyond the relatively civilized pale of the Frantic Forties, or even the Salacious Sixties. Whether squaring off in well-cleaved wolfskin against a grumpy pterodactyl (*One Million Years B.C.*) or driving the *federales* from the Yaqui Indians' charneled fastness (*100 Rifles*), Raquel is raw, unconquerable, antediluvian woman. She dwells on the dark side of every man's Mitty-esque moon; she is the nubile savage crying out to be bashed on the skull and dragged to some lair by her wild auburn mane.

At the same time, Raquel's atavism has the advantage of posing no threat to uncertain, post-Freudian man. Mod-



"ONE MILLION YEARS B.C."



"100 RIFLES"



"BEDAZZLED"



"THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN"

ern Man may indeed be no match for Wonder Woman, but his masculinity is not imperiled by such barbaric, unreal imagery. Today's male moviegoer can gambol with Raquel in fantasies and still not be discomforted by the possibility—in conscious, relatable experience—of ever having to do anything about it. This curious sense of inaccessibility distinguishes Raquel from a forerunner such as Bardot, who always seemed on the verge of sashaying off the screen and seducing the curly-haired kid in the second row. Producers have been careful to preserve and exploit this cinematic paradox; it is surely no accident that Raquel rarely plays an ordinary human being, much less an authentic romantic object.

... Olympus supports many gods and goddesses and they are truly eternal, since whenever one fades or falls another promptly takes his place, for the race requires that the pantheon be always filled.

Some observers feel that Vidal's anthropomorphic view of Hollywood applies directly to Raquel; that she happened along at the right time to fill the vacuum created by the death of Marilyn Monroe. Noel Marshall, a shrewd Hollywood agent who once handled Raquel's publicity, also insists that the exigencies of today's film market call for a dark heroine to fill the goddess gap. "The domestic market for films has dropped into the 40 percent of the gross market," he points out. "The world wanted an international symbol—a brunette or an auburn-haired girl like Raquel rather than the Monroe type."

That may be partly true, but Raquel is unique among sex queens in another respect. Harlow had her seamy affairs; Hayworth her prince; Monroe her outfielder and her playwright; Taylor her high-rolling entrepreneur, Debbie's crooner and Sybil's Welsh actor. By contrast, Raquel has two children by a former marriage to her high school sweetheart, and is presently wed to an in-offensive unelectrified named Patrick Curtis. She does not flounce around studio

sets in see-through blouses by day or boogaloo at the Factory by night. She does not smoke. She does not drink. She rarely entertains. Says Writer Rex Reed, who will make his screen debut as Myron Breckinridge, Myra's alter ego: "Raquel is a very complex girl. She is terribly, terribly interested in being taken seriously. She has elected to be a movie star, but underneath that creamy skin and those bulging blouses beats a Puritan heart. She is a Jane Austen heroine, and the conflict has made her uptight."

... My own uniqueness is simply the result of self-knowledge. I know what I want and what I am, a creation of my own will ...

If Raquel has a shy Puritan heart, she also has the kind of forthright Puritan mind that in early America could probably have reconciled Scripture with slaving and rum-running. On-screen she may be the ultimate prehistoric predator, but in real life she is a carefully prefabricated commodity, a paradigm of the hard-driving, self-made New Woman who just happened to choose acting as a career. "I'll admit I'm extremely strong-minded," says Raquel. "I don't know any other way to be."

Unlike most of her predecessors, she has always been the prime mover of her own star; she has played Professor Higgins to her own Eliza Doolittle. In a community where everyone minds everyone else's libidinous business, Raquel has a reputation for having climbed to the top without using her sex off the set.

She is also unquestionably bright, and can discuss at least a narrow range of subjects with intelligence and even insight. On the *David Frost Show*, for example, she scored a valid point in defense of romantic love when she described the female mind as "an erogenous zone." But her observations get lost in her incessant chatter and frequent malapropisms. For a time she referred to things she found attractive as "gauche" until she finally learned that the word she wanted was "chic." Editing one of her own lines in *Myra*, she

struck out the word "germane" and substituted "superfluous."

She has few illusions about herself, and can examine her position with dispassion. "I'm trying to purge myself of all the mannerisms I've used up to this point. I have never had a high opinion of myself as an actress, but I'm determined to develop, and I keep looking for ways to improve. If after a couple of years I decide that I can't make it as a serious actress, then I'll just quit."

Maybe she will, maybe she won't. Meanwhile, *Myra* presents Raquel with her first real opportunity to show what she can do. Although the role is impeccably tailored to her assets and attitudes, the odds are stacked against her. In the first place, it is hard to imagine a book more difficult to transpose into quality film. Such scandalous scenes as a female-to-male rape with a leather dildo may prove too much even for today's censors. When Author Vidal is not trumpeting the heatitudes of bisexuality, he is trying to convey another message: ours is a society dangerously worshipful of celluloid (there are no fewer than 95 stars mentioned in his book). Thus the film version of *Myra* comes full circle; it will be a movie about a book about movies.

Perhaps because of his embarrassment over his novel's exquisite self-revelations, Vidal failed in two efforts to bring off a light, witty scenario. Director Michael Sarne (*Joanna*) then tried his pen—to just about everyone's displeasure. Finally, a Hollywood genius-presumptive named David Giler, 26, was called in. To complicate matters, Mae West has insisted on writing her own lines. The script is now in its tenth rewrite, and the ending has yet to be decided upon. Regardless of what is done to the script, the success or failure of *Myra* ultimately hinges on the girl who wants to stop attitudinizing and begin acting.

... I was born to be a star ...

Little Raquel Tejada (the last name means, in Spanish, "Spears of Clay") was born in Chicago on Sept. 5, 1940

(not, as she claims, 1942). Her father, Armand, is a Bolivian-born structural-stress engineer; her mother, Josephine, is of English stock. When Raquel was two, the Tejas moved to La Jolla, Calif., a pretty, plasticized, middle-class community just north of San Diego. Raquel grew up in an all-American ambience that would have been a natural for a California Norman Rockwell. The family, which included Raquel's younger brother and sister, lived in a one-story stucco house near the beach with a pepper tree on the neat front lawn.

Armand decided early to bombard his brood with the self-improvement lessons that most children congenitally abhor. Not Raquel. She devoured them. She was particularly enthralled by the ballet lessons that Armand thought would give her poise. What they did was give her ideas, which she now sentimentalizes. "I saw *The Red Shoes* ten times," she recalls. "I decided then that I wanted to be a ballerina." She has plenty of aptitude for the dance, according to her former teacher, Irene Clark, but hardly the proper spirit. "There was no humility in her approach to art," remembers Miss Clark. "She enjoyed attention too much, and she knew how to get it."

The adolescent Raquel could have borne a touch of humility. A high Latin ridge gave her nose an unattractive hook; she was affectionately known around school as "Birdlegs." Then she began to grow in all directions, and soon became an established figure on the beauty contest circuit. She won her first local contest at 15; later she was named Miss La Jolla, Miss San Diego, and finally Maid of California. Says Don Diego, who ran another contest she captured called the Fairest of the Fair Festival: "There were prettier girls around, but none had her figure or her drive. Most girls tremble before they go onstage. Raquel never did. You could tell by the way she got up there that she was the queen."

Her classmate and boyfriend, James Welch, thought so. A year after she graduated in 1958, he married the Fairest of the Fair. They had two children, Damon and Tahnee. Raquel the house-

wife interspersed domestic chores with dramatics classes at San Diego State College, and soon grew restive. After three years, the Welches parted—"inevitably," Welch now feels. Raquel headed for Dallas, where she made enough money modeling for Neiman-Marcus and hustling cocktails to have her nose fixed before assaulting Hollywood.

... I must not complain, for a life dream has come true. I am in Hollywood, California, the source of all this century's legends. No pilgrim to Lourdes can experience what I know I shall experience once I have stepped into that magic world which has occupied all my waking thoughts for twenty years. . . .

Raquel's screenland novitiate was typically rugged. She lived in a \$70-a-month apartment with her children. She had no job, no car, and her only income was a meager allowance from Welch, who by that time was serving with the Green Berets in Southeast Asia. Raquel, ever resourceful, tied up with Agent Noel Marshall, who coached her in the fundamentals of studio saleswomanhood. Every day she rose at 6 a.m., dropped her children at a day-care center and set off on her unappointed rounds of photographers. It was a dreary life, but she kept plugging, waiting for a break.

Enter Patrick Curtis, a Hollywood product if there ever was one. At age two he won the Adohre Milk Company's Adohreable Baby Contest, a ringing triumph that earned him the role of Olivia de Havilland's baby in *Gone With the Wind*. He later played Ma and Pa Kettle's ninth kid, changed his name from Smith to Curtis (after his boyhood hero, Tony). When he was 13 he landed the TV role of Buzz in *Leave It to Beaver*; his eternally boyish face and buck teeth allowed him to keep the part for six years. Patrick wanted to get into the production end, though. He eventually wound up with Rogers and Cowan, a show business p.r. firm, and waited for his own break.

Destiny's child and Beaver's buddy met in 1964—smack in the poetic middle of Sunset Strip. It was business at

first sight. As Raquel recalls it: "He saw me and I saw him, and we put our heads together." The result of this cerebral huddle was the creation—three weeks later—of Curtwell enterprises. Shortly thereafter, things began to happen. Bikini picture in *LIFE*. Billboard girl on ABC-TV's *Hollywood Palace*. Twentieth Century-Fox contract. Said Fox Talent Director Owen McLean: "We thought we would build her up slowly; that it would take some time. But she got more publicity by accident than most girls get on purpose."

... At the moment, I feel like the amnesiac in Spellbound, aware that something strange is about to happen. I am apprehensive; obscurely excited. . . .

It wasn't always by accident. Her first film was a microscopic nightmare, *Fantastic Voyage* (her best line, to a leering Stephen Boyd: "I run the laser beam here. That should tell you where to keep your hands"). After that, Fox lent her to Britain's Hammer Film Productions for its reprise of *One Million Years B.C.* Says Raquel: "It was the kind of movie you do just to go to Europe and hope everyone will forget."

No one who has seen *B.C.* will ever forget it. It was a ghastly, primeval *Romeo and Juliet*, with the Shell and Rock families replacing the houses of Montague and Capulet. Loana Shell (Raquel) and Tumak Rock (John Richardson) meet and fall agonizingly in love. Agonizingly, because he already has a mate back in the Rock family cave. Besides, every time they get together, a *Tyrannosaurus rex* clamps onto the scene or the families start crushing one another's noggins with clubs. After an apocalyptic earthquake, Loana stalks off with her inamorato, presumably to become The Second Mrs. Tumak.

Meanwhile, Patrick engineered a slick transatlantic crossruff. Starting with a girl who was unknown on either side of the ocean, Patrick billed Raquel to the European press as America's answer to Ursula Andress. European reporters lapped it up. Then Patrick shipped the publicity back to the U.S., where it was eagerly picked up by the

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TED LADD—GILLON

STEVE SCHAPIRO



RAQUEL AT SIX



AS FAIREST OF THE FAIR



WITH HUSBAND PAT OUTSIDE ROME

American press. In 1966, Hammer Productions wished its friends a merry, merry Christmas by distributing 11-by-13 cards (3,000 of them) with Raquel's classic cave-suit pose on the front.

For the next 2½ years she and Patrick gaddad about Europe, and all the attention was almost, almost unbearable; in Italy, Raquel even took to toting a squirt gun to cool down ardent paparazzi who dared stick their heads in her Cadillac limousine. Nothing could deter the photographers, however. By February 1967, she and Pat decided it was time to seal the Curtwel merger. In Paris, bedecked in a crocheted mini-dress, Raquel took her marriage vows for the second time.

During this period she was cranking out most of her sparsely budgeted, highly profitable, eminently disposable movies. *Bedazzled*, a whimsical parable of the Seven Deadly Sins at work in Brit-

President Richard Zanuck's office. On location, Brown did little to smooth the situation, which took on unfortunate racial overtones. At lunch he growled at her: "Pass the salt; it isn't black." She and Brown finally stopped talking altogether. The picture was execrable. But it cost only \$6 million and raked in money. Another south-of-the-border offer, *Bandolero*, gave Raquel the opportunity to demand of Dean Martin, "How duss hay man get to be han hanimal like ju?" Such lines at least scotched rumors that Raquel was a crypto-Chicano; her accent was pure Hollywood.

... Hollywood is finally at my feet. Beyond that, ambition stops and godhood begins...

Raquel desperately wanted parts that called for something more than guttural one-liners, but the pattern seemed set. Then, in March 1968, Fox announced that it had purchased the rights to *Myra*. Trouble was, Fox was at a loss to cast the transsexual title role. Elizabeth Taylor, Angela Lansbury and Anne Bancroft were considered. Fox even tested eight real transvestites, but decided that an uncloseted queen just wouldn't do. Then Producer Robert Fryer (*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) had an inspiration. "If a man were going to become a woman, he would want to become the most beautiful woman in the world. He would become Raquel Welch."

Raquel got the part, and production began in September. But fitfully, oh so fitfully, Raquel's iron will and her proven ability to hog the spotlight were put to their most severe test. For sheer incompatibility, the volatile cast of *Myra* is rivaled only by the Burton-Lyon-Gardner gallimaufry of *Night of the Iguana*. There is crustaceous Veteran Director John Huston portraying Uncle Buck Loner, the sagebrush sybarite. Huston, an inveterate cigar smoker, has been unhappy with a no-smoking clause that Mae West had written into her contract. There is the epicene Rex Reed, who eats peaches, scribbles notes for his book (about the making of *Myra*, naturally) and regularly breaks up the crew with his lavender drawl. Towering over all is the ribald old empress, Mae West, who threatens to steal the show as Leticia Van Allen, the drunken, horny agent.

Mae and Raquel quickly clashed. Mae won the opening round with a splendid entrance. She stumped onto the set amid cheers, and, with a smile frozen on her seamed face, pumped her 77-year-old hips in a game imitation of her former self. Raquel sent flowers at first, but then threw down the gauntlet by appearing for their first scene in a black dress with a white ruffle—the color scheme West had demanded exclusively for herself. A three-way confrontation ensued, pitting Raquel against Director Michael Sarne and Producer Fryer (a grudging alliance, since they openly despise each other). The dress disappeared and so did Raquel—for three days. Af-

ter shooting several takes around her, Sarne finally called Raquel back. She reappeared in a black dress with a blue ruffle—but the blue was so pale it might as well have been white.

Such childish conflagrations have put shooting two weeks behind studio schedule and kept most of the cast seething. Add to this the cast-wide dislike of Sarne and the inability of Fryer to exercise much control, and the wonder is that *Myra* is being shot at all. Some of the principals are less than enthusiastic about its potential. Reed insists: "I am going to be the only person in this film who makes sense." Says Writer Giles, who is beginning to despair of Raquel: "She types up these ten-page position papers and insists on reading them to me. Can you imagine anything more frightening than that?" Says Richard Zanuck: "It seems as if everyone has quit three times. I think I've quit once or twice myself."

... And so it was that Myra Breckinridge achieved one of the greatest victories for her sex. I have accomplished what nature intended me to do and except for one last turn to the screw, I am complete...

Raquel, of course, is not about to quit. "There is no way," she says, "that this is not going to be a good movie." Raquel has to be optimistic; no one else connected with the film has as much at stake. But Raquel would seem to have everything that she could possibly want: a splendid 3½-acre establishment in Beverly Hills, and she has been offered as much as \$500,000 for one movie—plus 10% of the gross. When her Fox contract expires (after one more film), she will be in a position to name her own price. She has another movie (*The Magic Christian*) and a television special for Coca-Cola scheduled for early 1970. For now, Myra Men can match all that?

Of course, there is that last, elusive turn that Raquel is determined to achieve—recognition as a legitimate talent. "I realize my image put me where I am," she says, "or I wouldn't be able to complain about it. But I think all sex goddesses have basically been unhappy. I know we sound like ungracious asses, but it's like being a shell and I'm tired of it. People don't think I have ability, and I think they are wrong. I've tried to fight it. Marilyn couldn't fight it because she wasn't strong enough. Well I am, and I think I can lick it."

Perhaps; perhaps not. Raquel may be forever relegated to the oxymoronic role of the virgin voluptuary, writhing in tattered wolfskin and muttering, "Ur... Loana... gunkl... Tumak?" until neither she nor audiences can stand it any longer. Ah, but what if it turns out that Raquel Welch really, truly can act? In that serendipitous event, the world's moviegoers, as *Myra* would so aptly put it, are in for a real good time.



IN COSTUME FOR "MYRA"
Is Mere Man a match?

ish society, was the exception. In a brief appearance as Lust, Raquel buffeted the distressed, innocent hero, Dudley Moore, with forethrust bosom and broad double-entendres ("Would you like hot toast—or buttered buns?"). Raquel's own, equally broad brand of humor surfaced during shooting breaks. Once she and Moore repaired to a dressing trailer while the crew eavesdropped outside. Raquel, playful lass that she is, suggested that she and Dudley pretend that they were making love. Accordingly, they made the appropriate sound effects, and then emerged to a chorus of whistles.

Raquel had less fun in her celebrated confrontation with Jim Brown in *100 Rifles*. She reportedly called Brown "a convict" during a tantrum in Fox Vice



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MUSIC

Rose Petals and Revolution

When the Rolling Stones made their first U.S. tour in 1964, a British politician warned that relations with the States were bound to deteriorate. Mick Jagger and his pals never had quite that effect on Anglo-American affairs, but everybody soon knew what that politician was talking about. From the first, the Stones refused to play the performing game: they were scruffy, wore outrageous clothes, flashed no toothy smiles. Brazenly, they thumbed their noses at the adult world—and still rode the crest of a fantastic success. Ever since, the Stones' career has seemed a

—their first in three years—Jagger and company were busy proving just how well they thrive on adversity. Selling out the Chicago International Amphitheatre twice in one night with its inimitable brand of gritty, Negro-derived blues, the group re-established itself as one of the most durable and original forces in rock. As usual, the music tapped the dark, demonic strain in human emotions, and as usual, the central figure was Jagger, gaunt in black jersey, jeweled belt, red scarf around the neck, black pants with buttons down the side, and Indian moccasins for easy leaping.

"Jagger is slight, almost frail," wrote

DAVID A. WHITING



THE STONES IN CHICAGO: JAGGER, TAYLOR, RICHARD, WATTS & WYMAN
But sometimes a bit weary of the old games.

demonstration of how to be bad and make good.

In the past 15 months, though, the fun has seemed a bit convulsive. A year ago August, German Actress Anita Pallenberg, a former girl friend of Brian Jones', gave birth to Keith Richard's child. Actress-Singer Marianne Faithfull, not yet divorced from her first husband, became pregnant by Jagger. Both she and Jagger said marriage was not for them. "I am going to be a father, but I will not get married," Mick announced. "I don't give a damn about convention." Three months later, Marianne had a miscarriage. In January, Jagger and Keith Richard were kicked out of a hotel in Lima because of their unconventional dress, or undress, or both. Bill Wyman, at 32, oldest of the Stones, was divorced from his wife of ten years, with both sides admitting adultery. Brian Jones quit the group, and a month later was found drowned in his own swimming pool under the influence of drugs and alcohol.

Demonic Strain. Such a string of disasters and scandals might well have sunk a less vital group. But last week, midway through a triumphal U.S. tour

TIME Correspondent David Whiting, "and in a howling, Dixie-rag voice he calls out, 'Hi, y'aaalll.' The crowd erupts. The Stones launch into *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, the guitars driving, Jagger stretching out the syllables, howling notes much like the old Bob Dylan. At the end he cries, 'Are you having a good time?' The bad guy trying to please. Then Carol, hop-bop-hop-bop, a great oldie, good times at the record hop all over again. Jagger leaps about the stage, smirking, jerking, prancing, shooting pelvic thrusts straight at the crowd.

"And such a crowd. Twelve-year-olds, 40-year-olds, cab drivers and long-haired toughs. A girl in the front row waves throughout the performance, crying, 'Mick, I love you!' Some real sex now. Jagger sits on the stage, the mike stuck between his legs, singing his new song, *Midnight Rambler*, a raw rhapsody to rape by an intruder:

*I'm going to smash down all your
plate-glass windows.
Put a fist through your steel-plate
door . . .
I'll stick my knife right down your
throat,
Baby. And it hurts.*

"It goes on for ten minutes, with Jagger removing his belt and whipping the stage. Then Jagger cries out, 'Let's get a look at ya!' and the house lights go up. They play *Little Queenie*, and the audience stands, shakes, rocks with new collective spirit. 'Shake your behinds,' calls Jagger. 'I want you to dance with me.' The crowd surges toward the stage. Finally, Jagger dedicates *Street Fighting Man* to Chicago, 'because of what you all did here . . . you know when I mean . . . ' The crowd is delighted. The other Stones play on. Jagger is gyrating. Jagger throws rose petals out at the audience. The Rolling Stones are gone. No encore. They have happened."

Sex and Violence. Scenes like this will earn the Stones some \$2,000,000 by the time their three-week tour winds up at the Miami Pop Festival this weekend. Clearly, the group has not yet been infected by the new mood of nostalgia and disengagement that is beginning to pervade the rock scene. Once adventurous groups are returning to vintage 1950s 'rock 'n' roll. Old stars like Chuck Berry and Little Richard are being dusted off for a reprise. Musically, the Stones' original revolutionary slash seems to be settling into reflexive middle age. Their new album, *Let It Bleed*, has plenty of the Stones' old power and ominous tension. But despite its professionalism and preoccupation with sex and violence, the LP has a retrospective quality. The Stones, in fact, seem to have become the last thing they ever wanted—an institution.

Jagger particularly seems weary of the old games—one reason, perhaps, why he has been branching into other fields, most notably, playing two major dramatic roles in forthcoming films. "Sometimes I wish I wasn't me," he admits. "I don't mean the real me—I'm quite happy with that—but the person they all swear at. But every time someone curses me, I think, 'Remember, remember, that's what makes me very rich.'"

Empty Platter

In London, because the finished records of a new John Lennon-Yoko Ono LP album were not ready in time, review copies were sent out in the form of two test pressings, each with a recorded side and a blank side. Most reviewers recognized the dubs for what they were. But Richard Williams, critic for the pop weekly *Melody Maker*, was caught with its avant-garde down. After listening earnestly to each of the four sides, Williams solemnly reported that sides two and four consisted entirely of single tones, "presumably produced electronically." Their pitch, he noted, varied by microtones and "this oscillation produces an almost subliminal uneven 'beat' which maintains interest." Added Williams: "You could have a ball by improvising your very own raga, plainsong, or even Gaelic mouth music against the drone."

MILESTONES

Married. Evelyn Y. Davis, 40, corporate gadfly whose insistent questions at annual stockholders' meetings (some 60 a year) are viewed by management as only slightly less disruptive than stink bombs; and Marvin Knudsen, 59, a New York stockbroker; both for the second time; in Greenwich, Conn.

Divorced. Manuel Ycaza, 31, tabasco-tempered Panamanian jockey, whose hell-for-leather racing style has won more than \$19 million in purses since 1957; by Linda Bement Ycaza, 27, Miss Universe of 1960; after seven years of marriage, two children; in Mineola, N.Y.

Died. Lee Pressman, 63, the C.I.O.'s legal counsel from 1936 until 1948, when his far-left politics finally cost him his job and career; of cancer; in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Pressman never made any bones about his Communist leanings, often supporting the Moscow line. Yet as a union lawyer he was tops; he played a major role in negotiating the original C.I.O. contracts with such industrial giants as U.S. Steel and General Motors, and ably fought labor cases before the Supreme Court.

Died. Boris Kroyt, 72, Russian-born viola virtuoso and for 31 years a pillar of the Budapest String Quartet; of cancer; in Manhattan. Ranked with Paul Hindemith and William Primrose as one of the viola's great masters, Kroyt joined the Budapest in 1936, and two years later the brilliant foursome traveled to the U.S., where their concerts and records raised chamber music to new heights of popularity. Their repertoire ran from the classical Beethoven and Brahms to moderns like Bartók and Milhaud, all played with a passion and Toscanini-like elegance that substantiated their preeminence as the best string quartet of the century.

Died. Joseph P. Kennedy, 81, patriarch of a star-crossed dynasty (see THE NATION).

Died. Vincent Sardi Sr., 83, the stage-struck Italian immigrant who in 1921 founded Sardi's Restaurant, Broadway's celebrated theatrical rendezvous; of pulmonary thrombosis; in Saranac Lake, N.Y. A warmhearted and generous friend of everyone theatrical, Sardi played host to all the stars—Garbo, the Barrymores, Katharine Cornell—and made certain that they dined undisturbed by autograph seekers; the young hopefuls lived on Sardi's credit; plays were conceived and cast at the crowded tables; and on opening night, Sardi's was where everyone anxiously awaited the critics' reviews. As Dennis King once put it: "Sardi's is more than a restaurant—it is a message center, a lovers' rendezvous, a production office, a casting center, and even a psychiatrist's couch."

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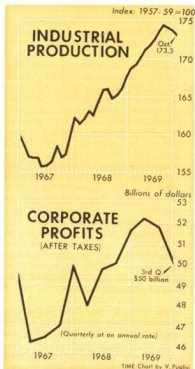
INFLATION JAWBONING, NIXON-STYLE

FROM the start of its fight against inflation, the Nixon Administration pledged not to copy Lyndon Johnson's controversial "jawbone" tactics. There has been considerable jawboning, but it is different from Johnson's. Johnson's jawboning involved White House pressure on specific industries against specific price increases. Nixon is substituting mild admonitions to business and labor en masse. Last month he wrote to 2,200 business and labor leaders, urging them to hold the line on wage and price increases. Last week he followed up by inviting 3,000 corporate leaders to the cavernous ballroom of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel; 1,800 came for an anti-inflation "briefing" reminiscent of a college pep rally on the eve of the big Thanksgiving football game.

Paul McCracken, the President's chief economic adviser, warned the businessmen of sacrifices ahead. "You will have to steel yourselves to the fact that all the things happening are all the wrong things—lower profits, a cost squeeze." Even after the "painful transition" is over, he said, the Government will not allow the economy to resume its rapid rate of growth. Instead of annual increases in spending of 8%-10%, the growth will be held down, McCracken said, and "this difference should be kept firmly in mind." Labor Secretary Shultz said that the businessmen would have to face union demands without Government help, even in the case of utility or transport strikes. "We place our

reliance on the free economy," he said, "so that our resolve will be tested." Nixon himself closed the meeting with a speech that asked business to "meet its responsibilities to make America the hope of the whole world." As for inflation, he merely repeated his earlier warning that businessmen who bet on its continuation are bound to lose.

A Call for Controls. The meeting took place amid increasing signs that businessmen are growing pessimistic about the chances that the Administration's strategies of tight money and budget surplus will actually stop inflation. The latest economic statistics indicate that the policies are indeed slowing the economy. Corporate profits dropped sharply in the third quarter, and industrial production fell in October for the third straight month (see chart). Housing starts fell 12% last month to the lowest level in two years, and new orders for durable goods, which had risen sharply in September, settled back again. The price picture is less clear. The consumer price index rose at an annual rate of 4.8% in October, compared with a 6% rate in September, but a one-month variation of that size is not enough to signal any turn. Economists find it at best a mildly encouraging sign that the rate of price increases is leveling off. Four prominent Manhattan clothing manufacturers joined last week in a startling call for federal wage-price controls. Said Lawrence S. Phillips, president of shirt-making Phillips-Van Heusen: "Unfortunately,



all other efforts to halt inflation have failed. Unless some action is taken immediately, a monetary and social situation rivaling that of Depression days is inevitable." President Michael Daroff of Botany Industries, Richard Schwartz of Jonathan Logan, Inc., and Alfred Slaner of Kayser-Roth gloomily agreed with Phillips that consumers are showing growing resistance to clothing price increases; Daroff added that "the only way to hold our prices is to hold labor costs."

Less extreme pessimism is being expressed even by some minority voices within the Government. Treasury Economist Herman Liebling has warned in a confidential memo that prices could rise as much as 6% next year. His reasoning: labor productivity is likely to drop while wages keep rising, intensifying cost pressure on prices. J. Dewey Daane, a member of the Federal Reserve Board, expressed doubt that price increases will slow to a "tolerable" rate even by the end of 1970, despite the Board's tight squeeze on credit.

Fictional Rate. That pressure last week brought a further rise in interest rates from their already towering levels. High-grade utility bonds were offered in Wall Street at a record 8.9% yield. William F. Butler, vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, says that banks are refraining from raising their 8½% prime rate on business loans



THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING BUSINESSMEN
A little like a pep rally.

only because they fear "the wrath of Congress." The prime rate is an increasingly unreliable guide to borrowing costs anyway. Growing numbers of borrowers pay as much as 10.6% interest on loans officially made at the prime rate, because banks are strictly enforcing a rule that the borrower must leave 20% of the face amount of his loan on deposit as a "compensating balance."

All this turmoil indicates that the Administration is beginning to face an economic credibility problem, though not of the sort that it has been talking about. Nixon men have said that they are having trouble convincing business, labor and consumers that the Government will stick to its prescribed anti-inflation policy long enough to cut the rate of price increases substantially.

About the latest date any member of the Administration has mentioned for the first signs of a price slowdown to appear is the end of 1969. If the price climb of the index does not slow further in the next few months, the Government is bound to encounter growing doubt about its determination but about the adequacy of its policies to do the job.

How Inflation Helps—and Hurts—the Poor

THE burden of inflation, President Nixon has often said, falls heavily upon the poor, "who are largely defenseless" against price increases on the necessities of life. That view is seldom questioned by politicians, but a growing coterie of economists has lately come to regard it as a misleading oversimplification. Affluent America knows surprisingly little about precisely how inflation affects the poor. What information is available, though, suggests to some experts that inflation—or at least some of the conditions that contribute to it—actually helps many of the poor more than price boosts hurt them.

This heresy has been argued most forcefully by Economists Robinson G. Hollister and John L. Palmer in a study for the University of Wisconsin's Institute for Research on Poverty. They contend that the labor shortages produced by an inflationary boom enable many of the poor to land jobs that otherwise would remain beyond their reach. Using complex mathematical formulas, they support earlier calculations that a reduction in the unemployment rate from 5.4% to 3.5%—experienced by the U.S. between April 1964 and November 1966—creates 1,042,000 full-time jobs for poor people who otherwise would be working only part-time or not at all. As for the non-working poor, Hollister and Palmer found that welfare benefits have generally risen faster than prices. The average monthly check in the program to aid families with dependent children rose 18% during the two years that ended last June. Meanwhile, the consumer price index went up 10%.

The Poor Price Index. Actually, price increases are less painful for the poor than for the middle class and wealthy, the two analysts maintain. They have rejiggered the figures in the Government's consumer price index, which is largely based on middle-class spending patterns, to construct a "poor price index"; it gives more weight to increases in food and rent expenses, less importance to rises in clothing, transportation, medical and education costs. Between 1965 and 1967, the last year for which they calculated the poor price index, it rose 5.1%, compared with a 5.8% increase in the CPI. The Wisconsin researchers conclude that "the poor are not hurt by inflation"—but could be hurt badly

by even a "slight" rise in unemployment resulting from a fight against inflation.

This thesis impresses many eminent economists. Says Walter W. Heller, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "I think we have to be very, very careful in suggesting that inflation is the enemy of the poor. It may be their friend in employment terms." Some Government figures buttress the argument. For example, 800,000 of the 5,800,000 U.S. families that were officially defined as poor in 1966 had increased their incomes enough to rise above the poverty line last year. Their gains were achieved even though inflation had meanwhile pushed the poverty line up from \$3,317 in annual family income in 1966 to \$3,553 last year.

Welfare Squeeze. In several respects, however, the Hollister-Palmer thesis remains debatable. Many poor may have obtained their first jobs during the current inflation, but many others have held low-paying jobs all along. There is little solid information on how they have fared. Sketchy federal surveys indicate that wages of variety-store clerks and cleaning women in Atlanta and Philadelphia have risen faster than consumer prices in recent years. Andrew Brimmer, a member of the Federal Reserve Board, suspects that more complete figures—which no one collects—would disclose that the wages of many other poor workers have fallen behind.

There is no guarantee that welfare benefits will continue to outpace price inflation. The inflation-squeezed middle class is raising an increasing clamor about the cost of welfare, and many politicians are listening. In New York City, welfare benefits were cut back by the state legislature an average of 8.5% in July. One welfare rights organization figures that a typical welfare recipient now has only 66¢ a day to spend on food; in Harlem, it costs almost that much to buy a quart of milk and a loaf of bread.

Ghetto Gougers. Many of the poor contend that gouging ghetto merchants have posted bigger price increases than the storekeepers who serve the middle class. "We have our own kind of inflation here," says Mrs. Vivian Taylor, a community worker in East Harlem. "On [welfare] check day, the first and 16th of each month, food prices are

up. If 5 lbs. of sugar was 59¢ the day before, it's sure to be 79¢ on check day." Samuel Meyer, 86, a wheelchair-bound resident of Manhattan's Lower East Side slums, finds food prices up so sharply that he can no longer make his \$70-a-month welfare benefits pay for a nightly soup of chicken wings and vegetables. He now makes his soup from vegetables only.

Hollister has lately conceded that inflation may help the white more than the black poor because it is harder for the latter to obtain jobs even in times of labor scarcity. He calculates that 61% annual rate of price increases, which the U.S. exceeded in some months of 1969, hurts poor whites as well.

Despite gaps in their statistics, Hollister and Palmer have swept away some economic cobwebs. Their findings add to the growing body of evidence that the nation's biggest economic dilemma is how to mesh full employment with price stability. The U.S. needs to find a more effective way of aiding its poor than simple economic expansion. The poor's gains may be only temporary, and inflation reduces the living standards of the seven-eighths of the population that do not live in poverty.

SHOPPING ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE



TRADE

Mixed Bag

"Modest in scope, but significant in impact," said Richard Nixon of the foreign-trade proposals that he sent to Congress last week—and so they were. While his message reaffirmed the nation's 35-year-old commitment to freer trade, the President sought only minor new authority to cut tariffs. In effect, he promised that any Nixon Round of trade negotiations would consist only of hard-headed international horse trading.

Nixon requested tough new powers to retaliate against countries that erect "unfair" barriers to American exports, or unfairly subsidize their own foreign commerce. Nixon also asked Congress for changes in current law to make it easier for industries, companies or groups of workers that have been hurt by imports to win relief through temporary import restrictions. "To be fair to our trading partners does not require us to be unfair to our own people," he said.

The Administration has sound reason to bolster the nation's exports. In the long run, the strength of the dollar greatly depends on that effort. The U.S. trade surplus used to average \$5 billion a year. This year the surplus will total less than \$1 billion, mainly because imports have risen 50% over the past three years, twice as fast as exports. Much of the blame can be laid to U.S. inflation, but not all of it. Farm exports have fallen sharply, largely because Common Market countries have unloaded surplus grain, chickens and other produce abroad at subsidized prices.

Second Try. As the Johnson Administration vainly proposed last year, Nixon asked Congress to end one venerable U.S. barrier to trade that is regularly cited by foreign governments as justification for their own barriers. That is the "American selling price," which allows

duties on benzenoid chemicals used in dyes and vitamins to be set not on the price of the import but on the cost of making the same chemical in the U.S.

The Administration is also asking for a "clear statement of congressional intent" on eliminating domestic protectionist devices, notably the 1933 "Buy American" legislation, which prevents the Federal Government from purchasing foreign goods unless the price is more than 6% below that of comparable U.S. products. Repealing the law would help the Administration to press foreign countries to end equally ingenious barriers to trade, including European border taxes, health regulations and artificial technical restrictions.

Much of Nixon's tough new trade policy bears the imprint of Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, who calls it the first "full-scale attack" against "covert forms of protectionism which discriminate against American exports." In a talk last week to the National Foreign Trade Convention in Manhattan, Stans also promised U.S. exporters additional measures of practical aid. One would add some \$750 million to the Export-Import Bank's funds. Exporters can now borrow only limited amounts at the bank's 6% interest rate, and must finance the rest of their sales with private loans at 9% or more. Many foreign competitors can borrow all they need from their governments at low rates—and save a crucial 1% or 2% in financing costs. A second measure would allow U.S. corporations to defer income taxes on export profits—so long as the money is reinvested to generate more exports—without setting up a corporation abroad, as the law now requires.

The President offered no proposals intended to help the import-troubled U.S. textile industry. The omission was tactical. U.S. and Japanese negotiators are dickering in Geneva over voluntary quotas for Japanese mills. The U.S. has made it plain to Tokyo that a protectionist-minded Congress might well adopt even harsher measures unless Japan agrees to limit its textile exports to the U.S.

AIRLINES

Pan Am's New Chief

As administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency under President Kennedy, former Test Pilot Najeeb Halaby endeared himself to private flyers by hopping all over the nation for airport talkfests about their problems. His yen to be where the action is led him to fly to the scene of nearly every commercial air crash. One day he learned that sky divers might endanger air traffic. Characteristically, Halaby parachuted himself, pronounced diving great sport—then called for restrictions.

Last week Halaby's activist style propelled him into the boss's seat at Pan American World Airways, of which he has been president for the past 18 months. Chairman Harold Gray, 63,



HALABY AT CONTROLS OF 747
Always where the action is.

stepped down after only a year and a half as chief executive of the financially troubled airline, and announced that he planned to retire next year. Surface appearances to the contrary, the switch was something less than a managerial upheaval. Halaby, now 54, has been in line to take over ever since Pan Am Founder Juan Trippe lured him away from Washington four years ago.

Dallas-born Jebb Halaby (his mother was English, his father Syrian) took a law degree at Yale and served as a Navy pilot in World War II, flying the first U.S. jet cross-country in 1944. After the war, he hopped from job to job with indifferent success. At Pan Am, however, his energy and judgment have earned him the respect of associates and the confidence of Founder Trippe.

Scrapping Flights. Halaby may need all his charm and brilliance to right Pan Am, which has just posted a record nine-month loss of \$4,500,000, compared with earnings of \$39,500,000 for the same period last year. On the lucrative North Atlantic run, globe-girdling Pan Am has been nosed out of first place by rival TWA. Pacific routes that once were Pan Am's alone are now aswarm with competitors. To cut its losses, Pan Am has scrapped 23 unprofitable flights in the Pacific and announced layoffs of 450 pilots and flight engineers. Said Halaby last week: "We have not reached the end of our economy campaign."

To snare more passengers, Pan Am will concentrate on service. "The hostess should think she is giving a party," says Halaby. Pan Am is also trying to acquire a domestic carrier to compete against TWA, which has both U.S. and international routes. Next year, Pan Am will become the first airline to put Boeing 747 jets into service, and the company counts on the 362-passenger jumbos to regain its financial health. To help fill all those seats, Pan Am can obviously use some of Halaby's zeal.

STANS AT NEW YORK CONVENTION



AUTOS

Slowdown Time

The first 60 days of auto sales, according to Ford's Group President Lee Iacocca, establish the pattern of any model-year. Last week, as that milepost passed, Detroit was gearing down for a slow winter. Over the next three months, automakers plan to assemble 2,580,453 vehicles, 417,453 fewer than they made last December, January and February. Automakers blame most of the slowdown on the fact that the public simply is not in the mood to buy. This week Chrysler plans to shut down three of its seven assembly plants for a week and three more for a day, because its dealers are overstocked with 1970 cars.

Intermediate Year. Production has been cut back a bit by strikes. A five-week walkout at an American Motors Corp. plant in Kenosha, Wis., which was settled last week, cost A.M.C. more than 30,000 cars. Another strike at a Chevrolet plant in Flint, Mich., has reduced General Motors' production by 4,375 cars a week, for nine weeks so far. Ford's new Maverick is selling at the rate of 400,000 a year but is drawing sales from the company's other lines. Ford salesmen believe, however, that this will be the year not of the compact but of the intermediate-size car—the first year that sales of intermediates will equal or surpass those of standard-size automobiles.

One major supplier to the auto industry, Collins L. Carter, chairman of Hayes-Albion Corp., which makes castings and parts, has lowered his prediction of output from 8,700,000 vehicles to an even 8,000,000 for the 1970-model years. The auto companies themselves are officially holding to their forecasts, which are generally in line with G.M. President Edward Cole's estimate of 8,500,000 domestic cars. To reach that sales goal, automakers are counting on buyers returning to the showrooms next spring.

Selling on Sunday. The auto companies are not alone in their struggle against increasing consumer resistance. For the first nine months of this year, overall retail sales are only 4% above their 1968 pace—less than the rate of price increases. Even in Southern California, where department-store sales are generally up, one discount-store manager, Paul Hulse of Redondo Beach's Hartfield-Zodys, detects a downturn in sales of color televisions, luxury refrigerators and stoves. To meet the competition of discount stores, Sears, Roebuck has opened some 175 of its 825 stores for business on Sunday. Retailers—and automakers—can take heart from a historical pattern detected in a University of Michigan study. Over the past 25 years, consumers have resisted buying whenever prices have climbed sharply, even though their incomes were also increasing. Invariably, sales have later rebounded to coincide with the personal-income gains.

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RCA

INVESTMENT

Low Profile for the Vatican

Only four men were even aware of the secret nocturnal meetings last spring in the Vatican's baroque Apostolic Palace. Two were top cardinals in the church hierarchy. Two were key participants: Pope Paul VI and Michele Sindona, the tough Sicilian lawyer who in two decades has risen from obscurity to eminence as a financier and industrialist. It is almost unheard of for a Pope personally to conduct the church's business affairs, but this was no ordinary occasion. Sindona and Pope Paul closed a deal that started a shift of profound consequence in the Holy See's management of its vast temporal wealth.

The Vatican sold Sindona the bulk of its 15% interest in Italy's largest real estate firm, Società Generale Im-

pievemente firm. The investments provide a handsome income to help defray the huge cost of running the papal establishment. But social unrest is growing in Italy. Anxious to align the church with the working class, the Vatican wants to escape any onus for closing inefficient plants, laying off workers or sitting on the other side of the bargaining table when unions ask for more pay.

Critics have long—and unfairly—blamed the Vatican for almost every controversial move made by companies in which it has substantial holdings. For example, when Immobiliare teamed up with Conrad Hilton to build the Cavalieri Hilton Hotel on a Rome hilltop, the leftist press angrily accused the Holy See of wire pulling to arrange the zoning. When the government carved Via Olimpica across Rome to speed traffic to the 1960 Olympic Games, anticlerical

NUCLEAR POWER

France Buries Its Pride

As British Physicist Otto Frisch once said: "Uranium is a prima donna difficult to seduce." While other European nations incorporated American expertise into their atomic power industries, France under Charles de Gaulle proudly clung to its own nuclear technology. The country's four atomic power plants use natural uranium, the only nuclear fuel available to France in large amounts. The least fissionable of atomic fuels, natural uranium requires costly installations. The system has been a technical success but an economic failure. Says Marcel Boiteux, general manager of Electricité de France, the state-controlled power network: "The cost of electricity is 50% higher than that produced by more traditional systems."



POPE PAUL VI



WASHINGTON'S WATERGATE
Hoping in time to erase the satellite image.



SINDONA

mobiliare (assets: \$175 million), which has not only dotted postwar Italian cities with tower apartments but erected similar projects in Montreal, Mexico City and Washington, D.C., including the capital's most in address, Watergate. When word of the sale leaked out, jitters swept the Milan stock market; brokers feared that a liquidation of Vatican securities holdings might depress stock prices generally. Italian newspapers speculated that the Vatican was pulling its money out of Italy to avoid paying a dividend tax that has been a source of contention between the Holy See and the government.

Escaping the Onus. Actually, the sale of Immobiliare reflected the Pope's decision that church control of major Italian companies had become a liability. The Vatican owns some \$200 million worth of stock in Italian firms. The church until recently either controlled or owned a substantial part of at least a dozen important enterprises, including cement-making Italcementi, paper-manufacturing Cartiere Burgo, pasta-making Molini Biondi and Vianini, a major en-

pundits charged that the thoroughfare was laid out to provide huge profits for Immobiliare, which owned big tracts of property along the route. Early this year, small stockholders raised an outcry against the church when Pantanella, a big flour-milling firm, cut the book value of its shares by 75% to stave off a possible financial collapse.

Rearranging the Portfolio. Money-men expect that it will take the Vatican some time to shed all of its unwanted stock holdings. The church has retained a small number of Immobiliare shares, but recently sold its controlling interest in Italian Condotta Acqua, a major construction firm, to a leading Italian holding company, Bastogi.

One problem in carrying out the new "Pauline policy" is how to keep the Vatican's income high while rearranging its portfolio. Accordingly, financial men expect the church to invest more funds outside Italy than it has in the past. By adopting a low domestic profile as a capitalist, the Pope hopes in time to erase the "Vatican satellite" image from Italian companies.

In the sharpest break yet with its Gaullist heritage, the government of President Georges Pompidou has just decided to build atomic power stations based on American technology. The government will ask for bids from interested companies and make its decision this spring. The new plants will burn enriched uranium, which is highly fissionable and relatively cheap to use. Almost all of the Western world's enriched uranium is produced in gaseous-diffusion plants owned by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. For a time, at least, France would become dependent on U.S. fuel. The government announcement angered French atomic workers, who face the loss of 2,600 jobs because of cutbacks. Last week almost all of the 31,000 atomic workers went on strike in protest.

A leading contender for the job of developing the new atomic stations is Westinghouse Electric. With one plant in Spain, Westinghouse is negotiating for another in Belgium as part of an effort to form a \$1 billion-a-year electrical equipment combine on the Continent.



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Last year the De Gaulle government prevented Westinghouse from buying Jeumont-Schneider of France, a key company in the consolidation plan, but Westinghouse hopes for a friendlier decision from Pompidou.

INSURANCE

Stormy Settlement

"I came into this world with nothing," says Herman W. Ryals, a retired civil service worker, "and it looks as though that's the way I'm going to leave it." His lament is becoming familiar among the thousands of Gulf Coast victims of last August's Hurricane Camille. Nothing remains of the crippled Ryals' modest frame home near the beach at Gulfport, Miss., and he and his wife now live in a leased trailer on their hurricane-stripped lot. His insurance company offered to pay only 25% of his claim, says Ryals, so he has hired a lawyer to sue for more. That may take considerable time, and in the interim the lender is threatening to foreclose the mortgage that covered his lot and vanished home.

Tents on the Lawns. By Weather Bureau reckoning, Camille was the most violent storm ever to strike the U.S. The hurricane's fury—210-m.p.h. winds and waves up to 22 ft. high—fell most savagely upon the Delta parish of Plaquemines, La., and a 35-mile shore-front strip of Mississippi from Pascagoula to Waveland. Both areas remain a jumble of devastation. Hundreds of homes, motels and other business establishments stand roofless or without walls. Uprooted trees, torn chunks of pavement and twisted iron fences bestrew the roadsides. Some families are living in tents on their front lawns.

Little reconstruction has begun because many insurance companies have been slow at settling the larger damage claims. Most property insurance covered wind, rain, or lightning damage, but not destruction caused by high tides or waves. Former homeowners and businessmen are caught between the precise wording of their insurance policies and the difficulty of proving that wind caused most of the damage to their property before high water floated the debris away. "Many of my people saw their houses blown away, but the insurance companies say this isn't so," says Chalin Perez, president of the Plaquemines police jury, the parish's governing body. Perez, a New Orleans attorney, is forming a community legal group to bring court action.

In the Pockets. Early this month, a grand jury in Jackson, Miss., charged that the state insurance commission is "in the pockets of the insurance companies." The jurors added: "The people of Mississippi can only expect to be skinned by these companies." Last week a grand jury at Pascagoula handed in another critical report. Most of the controversy centers around Commission Member Erskine Wells, a lawyer whose



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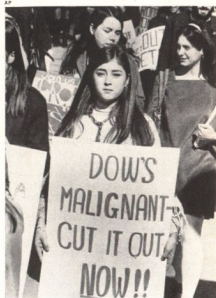
Rate effective January, 1970

firm represents many insurance firms, and State Insurance Commissioner Walter Dell Davis, an ex-officio member of the commission, who has been accused of being too cozy with insurers. In the wake of the storm, the commission hastily approved a 50% rate increase along the Gulf. Last week public outcry and political pressure prompted the commission to postpone the rate rise until after it holds another hearing. Considering the \$135 million in storm losses they face, insurance companies may be justified in raising their rates. The delays in claim settlements, however, have left a bitter residue of ill will among countless citizens of Mississippi and Louisiana.

CORPORATIONS

Dow Drops Napalm

A group of students at Notre Dame last week locked up a Dow Chemical Co. recruiter to protest the company's manufacture of napalm. This time there was a special irony to the



DEMONSTRATORS IN WISCONSIN

A special irony.

encounter: Dow has quietly stopped producing the sticky incendiary jelly.

Dow's contract expired last May, but the fact remained generally unknown. Though napalm accounted for only about one-half of 1% of Dow's \$1.6 billion annual sales, the company had become a target for acrimony. Clergymen led picket lines at Dow's annual meetings. A nationwide boycott was organized against its other products. Raiders splattered its Washington office with red ink.

American Electric Inc., which underbid Dow for Washington's latest napalm contract, may be in a better position. A subsidiary of City Investing Co., American Electric makes no consumer products—and it has no plans to recruit on college campuses.

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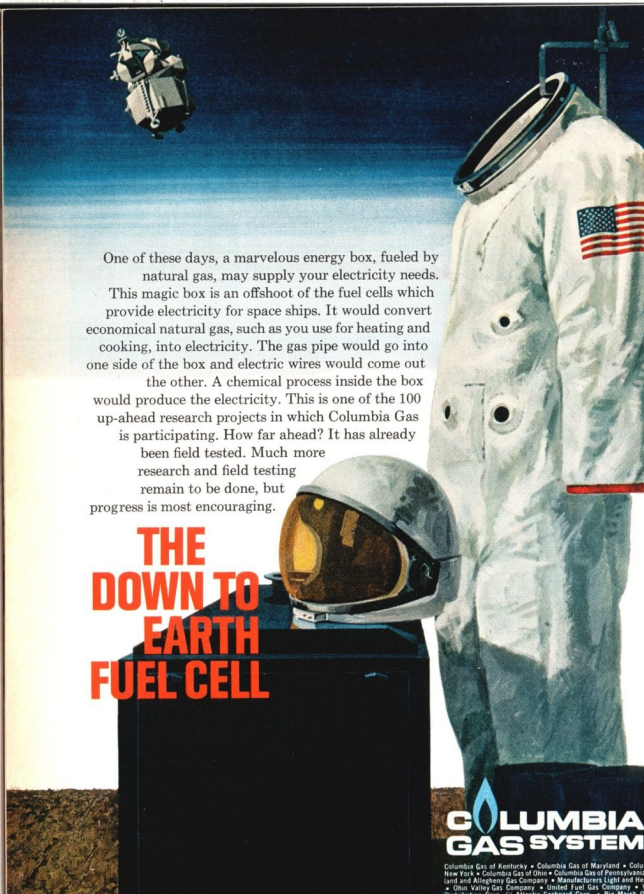
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Love-Hate of Luis Buñuel

"Thank God, I am still an atheist," claims Director Luis Buñuel. On that rock he has built his crutch—a lifelong obsession with Spanish Catholicism. In a career that spans four decades and nearly 40 films, Buñuel, now 69, has occasionally abandoned the object of his love-hate, as in the erotic trivia of *Belle de Jour*. But such lapses are brief. With *The Milky Way* the grand old unbeliever returns to his favorite theme in a magical mystery tour of the dogma, hypocrisy and glories of Christianity.

From the 11th century through the Middle Ages, European pilgrims worked their weary way to the tomb of the supposed apostle James in the northwestern Spanish city of Santiago de Compostela. In Spain, the path of St. James is a synonym for the Milky Way. Now, in the 20th century, two weary mendicants dodge cars and trucks as they retrace the ancient route.

Asylum Attendants. These days the shrine should be easily accessible. Actually, it is harder to reach than heaven. The bearded old wanderer Pierre (Paul Frankeur) and his young companion Jean (Laurent Terzieff) are magnets for metaphysical flashbacks. A caped gentleman from another century lectures them on piety, gives them money, then disappears down the road—with a dwarf that suddenly appears at his side. A chauffeur gives them a lift, but when one of the pilgrims mutters "Ah, God," the men are unceremoniously booted out of the car. Seeking shelter from a storm, the beggars are transported to the 14th century, where a he-

retical sect seeks salvation through orgy. At an inn, a priest (François Maistre) defines the dogma of transubstantiation—and then is carried off by a pair of asylum attendants.

Many of the episodes—and actors—are charged with a peculiar magic that dilates space and annihilates time. Centuries collide; the imagined becomes surreal, as when Jean daydreams of the Pope's assassination—and the shot is clearly heard by a passerby. Or when a nun's self-sacrifice becomes actual crucifixion. But where he should use a No. 3 paintbrush, Buñuel too often employs a palette knife. What is intended as subtle Human Comedy becomes broadly laughable, as when Jesus and his disciples run through the woods in chromo-colored sequences, or when Mary miraculously appears after a hunter has shot a rosary from a tree branch, or when an unintentionally effeminate devil (Pierre Clementi) pops up in the back of a wrecked automobile.

Cluttered with Buñuel's standard paraphernalia of stigmata, deformity, mud and fire, *The Milky Way* offers no unified vision, no system of thought or style. The lack of cohesion is deliberate, claims Buñuel: "Mystery is the essential element of every work of art. If a work of art is clear, then my interest in it ends."

Such an apology may be offered by the confused and untalented artist as well as by the gifted one. *The Milky Way*, in fact, seems made of both varieties. Its shards and fragments remain in the retina long after the film has flashed by. Yet the angry whole is never equal to some of its parts—as if, like a doctor attending a plagued pa-

tient, Buñuel had been infected by what he was treating. "We have just enough religion to make us hate," said Swift, "but not enough to make us love one another." It is impossible to differentiate between the faults of the church and the faults of Buñuel.

After the completion of *Belle de Jour* in 1966, Luis Buñuel Delphically announced: "No more cinema for me—not in Spain, not in France, nowhere. *Belle de Jour* is my last film, semicolon."

Then, with scarcely a pause, he began work on *The Milky Way*, which he also called his finale. Yet before he and the century have completed their seventh decade, he will have directed his 28th film, *Tristana*. With another director, such ambiguities of statement and action might seem a bit bizarre; with Buñuel, they are entirely in character.

PICTORIAL PARADE



DIRECTOR BUÑUEL

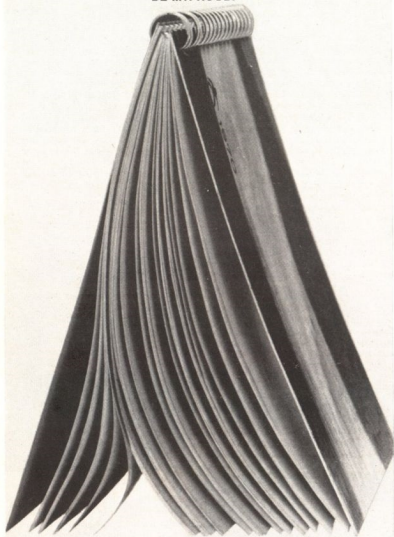
acter. Since his youth, he has fashioned a career from contradictions. The first-born son of a Spanish bourgeois father and an aristocratic mother, Luis became a brilliant pupil of Jesuit tutors. But upon reading Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, he started the opening battle in his long war against church and state. At the University of Madrid, he was an intimate of the revolutionary poet Federico García Lorca and the genius-impostor Salvador Dalí, with whom he shared two main interests, cinema and surrealism. Later, they made two pioneer films: *The Andalusian Dog*, notable for its explicit Freudian imagery and resolute non-meaning, and *The Age of Gold*, which contained frenzied images of a homicidal Christ figure. That *succès de scandale* severed the collaborators forever. "The film was a caricature of my ideas," complained Dalí. "Catholicism was attacked in an obvious way, and quite without poetry."

In voluntary exile from Salvador Dalí and Franco Spain, Buñuel resumed his career in Mexico, where he made his



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landmark in the Cinema of Cruelty, *Los Olvidados*, a fierce, searing lament for the Mexican poor. The cinema, he claimed, was "most reminiscent of the work of the mind during sleep"—and he kept on dreaming on-screen. Soon foreign film makers—and avant-garde American ones—began to imitate his trancelike style.

In 1960, word of Buñuel's enlarging reputation reached Generalissimo Franco, who invited Buñuel back to the old country to make a film, all expenses paid. Biting the handout that fed him, Buñuel created *Viridiana*, a movie with the inexorable rhythm of a time bomb. Vatican and Franco partisans needed only one look at the scene in which a nun is raped by a beggar; *Viridiana* was swiftly disowned.

Pained Penguin. But Spain, Franco and Buñuel now seem equally aged, if not exactly mellowed. The director and his French wife maintain homes in Mexico and Madrid. Both of his sons dabble in the arts, Raphael as a sculptor, Juan Luis as an experimental-film maker. This fall, the old man returned to his motherland once more, where, again, he is working on his "last" film. Under the sullen skies of Toledo, he directs scenes from *Tristana*, a dissection of Spanish middle-class society. One scene is purest Buñueliana: a crumpled, baggy-eyed Catherine Deneuve sits in a wheelchair, munching empty ice cream cones. Pushing the wheelchair is a deaf-mute with a demented stare, while from a park bench a large woman breast-feeding her child stares vacantly at the tragic caravan.

Grunting in a heavy Aragonese accent, Director Buñuel articulates his mouth little and his bones even less. As a result, actors and production staff are often forced to sift for themselves every mysterious movement. "He's old; he has his own way of working and his own discipline, and you have to fit into that discipline," says Deneuve. "You wake up in the morning knowing you're going to have to accept what he tells you to do without question; not with resignation but with confidence." Her confidence may have been bolstered by another of Buñuel's symbolic acts: early this month, for the first time in 20 years, he departed from his custom of dining alone while a film is being shot. He had dinner with her.

On set and off, weary and almost completely deaf, Buñuel moves like a pained penguin, as if he feels every second of his 69 years. Yet like his countryman Picasso, his large, intense eyes seem illuminated from inside by some unquenchable zeal. No one knows whether *Tristana* will indeed be his finale or whether Luis Buñuel is trying to propitiate fate by loudly leaving art before reality quietly leaves him. If there is any certainty about the enigmatic old film maker, it was recently voiced by New Wave Director Louis Malle: "Buñuel will die with the director's light meter dangling round his neck."

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BOOKS

A Chaos of Clarity

VOLTAIRE by Theodore Besterman. 637 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$12.50.

What can the Age of Reason possibly have to say to the Age of Aquarius? Certainly Voltaire, with his brisk faith that enlightened common sense could solve all problems, is hardly the voice to which we tune our orgasmic electric guitars. Quite the contrary. Emancipated from religious "superstition," living in a world where science is the final arbiter, we have inherited the pragmatist's Utopia that Voltaire more or less prescribed—and thanks just the same, we know all too accurately the price we have paid.

An adulatory biographer like Theodore Besterman is just the further aggravation that a resenter of Voltaire's cocksure reformism does not need. Mercilessly detailed, Besterman's book is a scholarly but unabashed case of hero-worship by the English founder and director of the Institut et Musée Voltaire in Geneva and editor of the 107 volumes of *Voltaire's Correspondence*. Besterman's zeal can nearly do the impossible: make his scintillating subject dull. Yet Voltaire survives even his sedulous admiration—perhaps because no age can help finding a man fascinating who himself was so fascinated by life.

Born François-Marie Arouet on Nov. 22, 1694—his father quite possibly not his mother's husband—Voltaire soon decided* that a man's main choice in life was to play the hammer or the anvil. Zozo, as he was nicknamed, had no doubts about which role he intended to take. Blessed with a middle-class background, a sound Jesuit education, a phenomenal memory and a wit to match his impudence, Voltaire hammered on every anvil in sight with an exuberance no enlightened common sense could quite explain.

"A bourgeois poet with the instincts of a *grand seigneur*," as Besterman puts it, Voltaire set out none too scrupulously to guarantee himself financial security. Before his 24th birthday, he had become an instant success with his first and most famous play, *Oedipe*, in which he used Greek tragedy to give vent to his lifelong hatred of absolute monarchy. A special lottery, which he manipulated to his advantage, was his first financial killing.

Once he had money and independence, Voltaire settled down to a cau-

tious but often brilliantly effective guerrilla war against France's *ancien régime*. He was, Besterman suggests, the first man to recognize and mobilize that new creature, public opinion.

Voltaire was most nearly heroic in his stand against the church. In 1762, he fought to exonerate the name of a Protestant shopkeeper named Jean Calas, who had been tortured and killed on the false charge of murdering his son to prevent the boy's conversion to Catholicism. But Voltaire's pattern in criticizing both church and court was to attack and then back off. Though he



VOLTAIRE, WALKING IN COUNTRY
Playing the hammer on the anvil.

is generally credited with being the intellectual architect of the French Revolution, he was not inclined to be a martyr.

"I blush to be so philosophical in theory, and such a wretched creature in practice," Voltaire admitted. "All tastes at once have entered my soul." Among them: the taste for rebelling and the taste for survival—rather splendid survival at that. Living with his mistress, Madame du Châtelet, in the château of Cirey, Voltaire powdered and dressed as if in Paris. She and Voltaire dined in elegance "with lots of silver," gave glittering balls, and inveigled house guests into amateur theatricals. Cirey had its own theater; and between noon and 7 o'clock the next morning, 21 skits and 21 operas were presented.

When Madame du Châtelet died, Voltaire, by then in his mid-50s, did not noticeably absent himself from felicity. He was already having an affair with his niece, Marie Louise Denis, who in-

cited him to write letters praising her "round breasts" and "ravishing bottom." Less enthusiastically, Thomas Carlyle described Marie Louise as a "gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female."

For the last two decades of his life, Voltaire lived in celebrated retreat with his niece at Ferney. Chronically grumbling about his health, he wrote prodigiously in six languages, expanded his farms, established watchmaking and lacemaking workshops, and built more than a hundred houses as a kind of 18th century real estate developer.

An exuberant traveler, Voltaire spent two happy years exiled in England, almost three as court intellectual in Prussia. And wherever he went, he tirelessly conducted his guerrilla warfare against royal and ecclesiastical superpower, not excluding the Church of England and, finally, his failed Philosopher-King Frederick II.

He simply overwhelmed his age with his will, energy and versatility. Yet out of the 10 million words that Besterman estimates he wrote, how many are read—how many are readable—today? Certainly not his dated verse tragedies about Frenchified classical heroes. Nor his special-pleading history. Nor his philosophical tracts like *Traité de Métaphysique* which placed him, in Besterman's phrase, only "the tiniest possible step away from atheism."

In the end, we are more likely to read Pascal, whom Voltaire hated, or Rousseau, who hated Voltaire, than Voltaire himself, who lives today mainly through *Candide*. In this black-comedy response to the evils of history, he seems closest to the modern reader, as in his conclusion: Cultivate your garden (modern translation: Do your own thing).

Voltaire failed from a kind of perfection. Everything came easily to him except a certain divinely vulgar excess. He was, as one critic complained, a "chaos of clear ideas." He accused Shakespeare of being "barbarous," "unbridled," "low" and "absurd." Exactly. And that coarse strength is what we miss at last in Voltaire. By his masterly demonstration of the farthest reach of reason, he finally showed how much lies beyond it.

Fadeouts and Flagellation

THE SHADOWBOXER by Noel Behn. 317 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

By now, jaded readers of international spy fiction expect to get two books in one: a perversely complicated thriller and a perverted sado-sexual romp at least as inventive as the wares on the pornography shelf. *The Shadowboxer* is expertly fitted out to supply both.

As labyrinthine as the author's best-selling *Kremlin Letter*, it is set mostly in Central Europe late in World War II. The adversaries are a depraved lot of American military and a handful of German exiles—who all want to beat the Allies at setting up the postwar gov-

* Voltaire was probably an anagram developed from Arouet L. J. (*le jeune*) using the u and the j in their 16th century forms, v and i.

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ernment in Germany—and an equally desiccated lot of Nazis whose aims seem less clear, but whose posturings and pre-occupations are more exotic. There is, of course, a doomed agent who is the pawn of both groups. The days of John le Carré's simple, cigarette-smoking depressive are over, however. Our man is just down from the Alps, where he lived and worked with a knot of flagellant priests. He makes it to the end, snatching prisoners from concentration camps, but he has had pains on the 8th, 17th and 26th of each month, the very days when his ecclesiastical friends used to get out the penitential thongs. To tell how he compensates for these twinges would give away a plot so complicated that the combined perceptions of Mme. Blavatsky and Krafft-Ebing are necessary to elucidate it.

A World Well Lost

AKENFIELD by Ronald Blythe. 286 pages. Pantheon. \$6.95.

For generations, most Americans have regarded tradition as something to be abandoned without much regret—like a too heavy saddlebag on the Donner Pass or a jammed rifle at Shiloh. That a man should live and die in the house where he was born, that he should take up his father's trade as a matter of course—these things have signified stagnation. Change has been our commonplace, our comfort and our proof of progress.

Just lately a shift in feeling has set in. As times grow more difficult, the new looks less promising; the settled old ways take on new luster. Anyone too inclined to idealize the countrified past, however, or dote on the imagined joys of continuity, might do well to study, as a cautionary text, this extraordinary portrait of an English village. Akenfield is a pseudonym for a real agricultural village of 300 souls about 90 miles and—until recently—several cultural centuries removed from London. "On the face of it," remarks Ronald Blythe, "it is the kind of place in which an Englishman has always felt it his right and duty to live... patiently the real country, untouched and genuine." Under this impression himself, Blythe, author of a novel and a number of television plays, moved nearby 14 years ago. Unlike other outsiders, he found much more than birds and quiet. *Akenfield* is the absorbing result. It is remarkable both as literature—a kind of Suffolk *Spoon River*—and as a sociological report on a par with Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor*, a journalistic study of poverty in 19th century Britain.

Blythe lets the people of the village speak for themselves. The 50 presented (verbatim, we are assured, although their extraordinary eloquence sometimes suggests the author possesses a magic tape recorder) range from an 82-year-old illiterate recluse to a pair of teen-age buddies, one a forge apprentice, the other a farm worker. All are brilliantly in-

dividualized. Not a mute inglorious Milton or a Cold Comfort Farm codger in the lot.

In *Akenfield*, plodding, unsentimentalized detail accumulates, suddenly evoking the devotion of a lifetime's hard work. A shepherd loses himself in telling exactly how he trains a sheep dog ("Once you have taught him stillness, you're getting somewhere"). An orchard foreman navigates his way through the niceties of pruning apple trees. A wheelwright remembers how he used to build wagons ("For making the hubs we always chose wych-elm") and paint them ("The blue rode well in the corn"). The village veterinarian, a sensitive man, contemplates the tortuous

ALAN CLIFFTON



RONALD BLYTHE IN "AKENFIELD"
Renderings of bucolic yesterday.

ethics of "factory farms," where pigs and chickens are raised assembly style. Wrinkling his brow over incipient inbred cannibalism, he observes darkly: "Tail biting among pigs is becoming a quite incredibly large problem."

What really sets Akenfield apart is a sot-in-its-ways, living connection with the rural English past. With vision unblurred by the nostalgia that so often distorts literary renderings of bucolic yesterday, the inhabitants of Akenfield look back to a way of life only just starting to disappear and find it a world well lost. Leonard Thompson, for instance, is 71, a farm laborer from an old family of farm laborers. "Village people in Suffolk in my day," he says, "were worked to death. It literally happened. It is not a figure of speech." The "old ones," he adds, responded to the harshness of their life by taking an almost insane pride in their work. "A straight

furrow was all a man was left with."

Thompson is typical of his generation. He starved during a childhood spent gleaming beans and wheat and picking up road-mending stones from the fields—at 50¢ for 24 bushels. He witnessed bloody horror as a machine gunner in World War I. Afterward, he was one of a few who helped organize a farm workers' union when the bad times came. Despite the union, the economic gap between landowner and laborer today in Akenfield is about what it was in Victorian times. With land prices above £300 an acre, a man on wages has no hope of ever saving enough to buy a place of his own. The simple result is a drift away from the land to the factories, a drift (unlike its U.S. counterpart) particularly poignant because, despite everything, nobody really wants it.

For nobody, it appears, is so entirely free from nostalgia that he cannot recall a past moment of particular delight. Fred Mitchell, 85, for instance, is now an invalid living with his unmarried middle-aged son. He remembers that the old days were full of raw fear—of landlords, of weather, of hunger. "But I have forgotten one thing," he adds. "The singing. There was such a lot of singing... So I lie. I have had pleasure. I have had singing."

Brotherhood and Aunt Sal

MAKE THE LOVE TREE GROW by Martin O'Neill. 241 pages. Crown. \$5.95.

Black-white confrontations can do something for novels as well as for races, as this variation on the theme of open housing shows. Into the sanitized, suburban home of Bill Doyle is thrust young Chris Dawson, 14—the same age as Doyle's own son Dennis—to spend the summer. A neighbor says plaintively, "A Negro boy here—in Harrington Estates? You know damn well nobody will admit we're anti-Semitic, but we don't even allow Jews."

Lucky Jews. Harrington Estates contains some tested suburban clichés, from the racist neighbor to the crotchety oldsters, from the sex-starved housewife to the nubile nymph. To Doyle, all of them are necessary to test his pet theory: that people on the same economic and intellectual level can get along fine no matter what color they are.

The experiment is less than universally successful, but the boys respond well. Black Chris is bright and sexually precocious enough to seduce a neighbor; white Dennis is in the adolescent agonies of beginning sexuality. They compete, exchange random bits of knowledge and finally achieve a guarded friendship. Author O'Neill's best-drawn character is Chris' earthy Aunt Sal, who has spent a lifetime dispensing sex education. Having tutored Chris long before, she generously introduces Dennis to her favours. Aunt Sal clearly has a pet theory about brotherhood too, and it is simpler than Doyle's.

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